A transatlantic holiday, or notes of a visit to the eastern states of America.

A TRANSATLANTIC HOLIDAY.

BROOKLYN SIDE OF EAST RIVER BRIDGE. Frontispiece.

Fitzpatrick, Thomas

A TRANSATLANTIC HOLIDAY OR Notes of a Visit to the Eastern States of America

BY T. FITZ-PATRICK, M.A. AUTHOR OF “AN AUTUMN CRUISE IN THE ÆGEAN”

Les longs ouvrages me font peur. Loin d'épuiser une matière, On n'en doit prendre que la fleur.

LA FONTAINE.

To me a big book terror brings. No need a subject to exhaust, Enough to sip the cream of things.

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TO MRS. THEODORE BENT, DISTINGUISHED AMONG HER SEX FOR THE ARDENT PURSUIT OF EASTERN TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION, THESE JOTTINGS OF A HOLIDAY TOUR IN THE WEST ARE, WITH SINCERE APOLOGIES, INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

In the following pages I have endeavoured faithfully to reproduce the impressions received and the experiences actually undergone during a brief visit to the principal States of New England. If it be asked why I should have thought it necessary to publish my observations on a theme which has exhausted the pens of so many previous writers, my only excuse will be found in the fact that with the advent of the new steamships has been initiated a new phase of American travel.

It is now practicable to cross from Queenstown to New York with safety and comfort in less than a week, which places it within the reach of those who, like the writer, have only a straitened leisure to spend their ordinary holiday in the United States.

To such as still hesitate about doing so, it is hoped this brief record may serve to give a friendly “lead over” the wide barrier which separates the two countries, and a not uninviting glimpse of the manifold objects of interest which are awaiting them on the other side.

Nor is it only the great natural beauties of the American continent and the marvellous evidences of material progress and achievement to be seen in its cities, that arrest the attention and excite the curiosity of a visitor. Without assuming the De Tocqueville or affecting to philosophize, he must needs ask himself whether this society which he sees around him represents the final form in which the destinies of humanity are to be cast; and

whether that is a healthy commonwealth in which the most important municipal offices are made the spoil of an unscrupulous *canaille* , and the chief citizens seem voluntarily to court the reproach levelled at the Christians in the Roman Empire, “that there is nothing from which they are more estranged than the public affairs of their country”— *nec ulla magis res aliena quam publica.*

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A TRANSATLANTIC HOLIDAY.

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So shalt thou instant reach the realm assign'd, In wondrous ships self-moved, instinct with mind; Tho' clouds and darkness veil th' encumber'd sky, Fearless thro' darkness and thro' clouds they fly: Tho' tempests rage, tho' rolls the swelling main, The seas may roll, the tempests rage in vain.

Pope's Homer: “Odyssey,” Book VIII.

WHEN one has journeyed up and down Europe for twice the time that the wanderings of Ulysses endured, and visited, like him, the capitals of many peoples, from the Bocche di Cattaro to the land of Scandinavia, a voyage to the United States naturally presents itself as a powerful, if B 2 inferior, counter-attraction. So it came about that, towards the middle of last August, I was busily inquiring as to the possibility of obtaining a cabin in the new steamer *Teutonic* , which had lately made her *début* as an Atlantic liner of the highest class. But I had entered somewhat late into the field, and there was no choice left except among the expensive regions of the upper deck. These offered the advantages, however, of windows which might be opened in all weathers, of ample space, complete privacy, and generally superior accommodation. From the plan of the ship I selected a room which proved to be very conveniently situated; and, by taking a return ticket, I was granted an abatement of 10 per cent. on the amount paid.

Among the thousands who yearly cross and re-cross the Atlantic a kind of party feeling exists as to the merits of the various lines—Cunard, White Star, Inman, Anchor, &c.; but of course to the uninitiated they are all pretty much alike. The Cunard enjoys the prestige of never having sacrificed the life of a passenger at sea; but the neophyte must not thence conclude that it has never lost a ship. Hitherto the *Umbria* and *Etruria* of that 3 company have gained a high reputation for speed and safety, but as they carry each from five to six hundred saloon passengers, it is a question with some whether it is worth encountering such a crowd of one's fellow-creatures at close quarters even for sake of the attendant advantages.

On the White Star steamers it is the practice to take only as many saloon passengers—say 300 or thereabouts—as can be accommodated at meals at a single sitting instead of in successive relays. On the other hand, the latter line conveys large numbers of steerage passengers, of whom we had not less than 900 on board the *Teutonic* . At first sight this may seem a formidable contingent, consisting as it did chiefly of Polish Jews and emigrant Irish, but, practically, its presence on board was hardly felt. What Dante said formerly of the banks of Acheron may nowadays be applied to the bosom of the Atlantic—

“Tutti convegnon qui d' ogni paese;”

and Aryan and Semite, united by the tie of a common *infelix paupertas* , perpetually traverse its watery deserts in quest of a new land of promise. B 2

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On Wednesday, September 4th, three immense steamers, the *City of New York* , the *City of Rome* , and the *Teutonic* , sailed from the Mersey for the same American port, each with its full complement of passengers. And the wonder of it is that such a portentous conjunction of horse-power which, in other lands or at other times, would excite widespread curiosity, and arouse universal enthusiasm, here passes for an ordinary event and attracts no notice from anybody.

The *Teutonic* was lying off New Brighton at some distance down the river; and by the courtesy of the officials I was permitted to go on board in a special tender, thus anticipating the arrival of the general company. As I approached the vessel I was struck by the exceeding beauty of her outline, which resembled rather that of a racing-cutter in Cowes waters than that of a huge steamer whose nose it required the united efforts of three powerful tugs to turn into the stream.

Progress down channel during the night was seriously hindered by a thick fog; and the incessant screaming of the fog-horn completely baffled my recurring attempts at slumber. It 5 was noon the following day when we reached Queenstown, or more properly Roche's Point at one extremity of the harbour, and here again the fog had maliciously wrought us further disappointment. The limited mail which left London the previous evening, and ought to have been at Queenstown *viâ* Holyhead and Dublin at 1 p.m., was detained *en route* by the fog, and came in fully four hours late. The *City of New York* , which lay far in-shore, scarcely visible to those on board the *Teutonic* , first received her complement of mails, and at twenty-five minutes to six she passed us at full speed, all her passengers crowded in a dense mass on deck, cheering vociferously and waving hats and handkerchiefs, while the steam escaping from her funnels rattled like volleys of musketry. It was a scene which left its indelible imprint on the camera of the mind, and aroused at the same time no slight feeling of resentment at the delay to which we had been exposed; for, had we received our mails in due time, we should certainly have entered New York Harbour one day sooner than we actually did.

Before embarking at Liverpool I had consulted 6 the pages of the veteran traveller, Baron Hübner, and was not a little surprised to find that so many years have elapsed since his memorable volumes were written. He had made the passage in May, 1871, and he draws a gloomy, if not actually alarming picture of his experiences. According to him, the Atlantic is beset by multiple dangers—fog, icebergs and collisions. It would be rash to say, “Nous avons changé tout cela,” but I can aver that neither in going nor returning did

I perceive the faintest indication of their existence. Off the banks of Newfoundland it was beautifully clear, and instead of the piercing blasts which afflicted the Baron, we enjoyed preternaturally warm weather. As for the danger of collision, we hardly ever sighted a sail; and the ever-recurring impression produced upon the mind was that of “a weary waste expanding to the skies,” the contemplation of which awakened a sense of sympathy and admiration for the gallant mariner who had first traversed it with his simple caravels.

Since the days when Baron Hübner wrote, immense improvements have taken place in the construction of ocean-going steamers; but to 7 come to a much more recent period, 1887—which will be fresh in the recollection of every one as the Jubilee year—I find in Dr. Wendell Holmes's “Our Hundred Days in Europe”1 the following remarkable passage:—

1 “Our Hundred Days in Europe,” by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Sampson Low & Co. 1887. Page 22.

“What does the reader suppose was the source of the most ominous thought which forced itself upon my mind, as I walked the decks of the mighty vessel? Not the sound of the rushing winds, nor the sight of the foam-crested billows; not the sense of the awful imprisoned force which was wrestling in the depths below me? The ship is made to struggle with the elements, and the giant has been tamed to obedience, and is manacled in bonds which an earthquake would hardly rend asunder. No! It was the sight of the *boats* hanging along at the sides of the deck,—the boats, always suggesting the fearful possibility that before another day dawns one may be tossing about in the watery Sahara, shelterless, fireless, almost foodless, with a fate before him he dares not contemplate.”

The melancholy reflections thus expressed 8 by the octogenarian poet can hardly be said to apply to the actual state of things. Take, for instance, the *Teutonic;* and so far from the safety of her passengers being wholly dependent on the boats, she is so constructed as to afford within herself in time of danger the resources of, at least, a second ship. As to size alone, her tonnage is nearly four times that of the *China* in which Baron Hübner made

his voyage to New York in 1871; and twice that of the *Cephalonia* —“the mighty vessel”—which only four years ago conveyed Dr. Wendell Holmes from Boston to Liverpool. Then, she is traversed longitudinally from end to end by a fixed steel partition, which, while imparting strength to the hull, renders it a physical impossibility for, water which has made its entrance on one side to pass over to the other. The two lateral divisions into which the hull is thus distributed are still further subdivided by athwartship bulkheads, so that practically the area accessible to sea-water at any one time is reduced to a very small proportion of the whole. Nor is it only in respect to her hull that the *Teutonic* exists in duplicate; she has also two independent sets of triple-expansion engines 9 which are made to drive twin propellers, so that if one side should be accidentally disabled, the other can still act with undiminished vigour.

If we now compare the relative speed of the vessels belonging to the two periods of ocean navigation above referred to with that of the *Teutonic* , we shall obtain the following results: —

The Cunard steamer *China* , which carried Baron Hübner in May, 1871, crossed from Queenstown to New York in 220 hours.2

2 See “A Ramble Round the World.” 1871. Macmillan & Co. Page 18.

The *Teutonic* , with the present writer on board, crossed from Queenstown to Sandy Hook in 144 hours, and entered the dock at New York in 158 hours.

The Cunard steamer *Cephalonia* , with Dr. Wendell Holmes on board, left Boston at 6.30 a.m., April 29th, 1887, and reached Liverpool at 1.30 p.m., May 9th, = 223 hours.

The *Teutonic* , with the writer on board, left New York at 10.30 a.m., October 16th, and reached Liverpool at 10.30 p.m., October 23rd,—180 hours. Difference, 43 hours.

But we must at the same time bear in mind that Boston being 190 miles nearer to Liverpool 10 than is New York, it will be necessary to credit the *Teutonic* with at least 15 hours more, which will give her an advantage over the *Cephalonia* of 43 + 15 = 58 hours.

If we consider that in the space of three years a gain of over two days has been effected in the average run from New York hither, we may well feel astonished at the skill of our engineers and the enterprise of our steamship companies. But it is said, and undoubtedly with some truth, that this great increase of speed has its attendant dark side in the sufferings of the stokers who are engaged day and night, in fair weather and foul, in a Tartarean atmosphere, plying the devouring furnaces with fuel. It sometimes happens that one of these unfortunate men, driven to frenzy by the heat, the vitiated atmosphere and the exhausting labour of the stokehole, throws himself overboard; and in our case a man was one day carried on deck asphyxiated and almost dying. He was quickly restored by appropriate means, but the occurrence created a painful impression amongst the passengers and gave occasion for an after-dinner speech and an appeal. The orator was a New York minister, of what denomination 11 Heaven only knows, and evidently skilled in touching the pockets of his hearers. He said, “I am like a man who once went into a restaurant and inquired of the waiter what there was for dinner. ‘Roast beef,’ answered the waiter. ‘Then,’ replied the guest, ‘bring me some; and, waiter, a LARGE HELP, please, for I am very nervous and delicate, and the sight of anything small quite upsets me.’” The application of the parable was obvious, and over fifty pounds were collected, but only to illustrate once more the pitfalls which proverbially wait on charitable effort. As the vessel carried 103 stokers, this sum would allow a distribution of only 10s. each, which would probably be spent in a general carouse in some drinking-saloon in New York. So the money was entrusted to the captain and purser to be divided among the men on their return to Liverpool—an arrangement with which not a few of the American subscribers expressed dissatisfaction.

I may here advert to one of the supposed dangers of the passage, the so-called ocean racing. Quiet people at home are often much disturbed by startling paragraphs on this subject 12 in English and American newspapers, and by such sensational epithets as the Greyhound of the Atlantic, or the famous phrase, “beating the record,” which is thought to be the first consideration with every commander of an Atlantic steamer! In the sense of the term generally accepted by the public, and with the meaning that the word “racing” usually connotes, it may be unhesitatingly asserted that no such practice exists. Of this I shall be able to offer indirect proof.

Certain *habitués* of the smoking-room, generally Americans, who as a rule cross the Atlantic four times in each year, nightly make a “pool” and bet as to the number of miles the ship will run from one day to the next. This “pool” will sometimes amount to 30l. or 35l., so that the question at issue excites the liveliest interest amongst those concerned, and the revolutions of the engines are as keenly watched as the morning gallops of the favourite at Doncaster. Every circumstance—winds, currents, fogs—that can possibly affect the result is eagerly noted, and it is said even sailors are interrogated. But I never found that the other steamer, which might be said to be racing 13 against us, entered for once into the calculation. The *City of New York* , for instance, was sometimes ahead of us, was again seen slightly astern, but it was never assumed by the experts that our commander would burn an extra ton of coal to keep or regain his advantage. In fact, we pursued the even tenour of our way wholly regardless of our rival: and if the *Teutonic* were the only Atlantic liner afloat, she would, I believe, for sake of her own character and the satisfaction of her passengers, make the run in the same time as if half a dozen others were engaged in the contest. Moreover, the rate of speed depends on conditions which the ship's officers can influence only in a very moderate degree. The chief factor undoubtedly is the *quality* of the coal carried, for with good Welsh coal it is easy to get two or three revolutions more per minute from the engines than would be possible with the softer American varieties. Of this we had a practical demonstration on the return voyage. One of the passengers on board was a partner in the famous firm which had constructed

the *Teutonic's* engines, and it was generally understood that on this occasion they would be made to do their 14 “level best,” as the phrase goes. But though the gentleman referred to was incessantly visiting the engine-room and superintending the operations of that department, his technical skill availed nothing against the inferior quality of coal which had been taken on board at New York.

I have hitherto spoken, and that only indirectly, of the sea-going qualities of the *Teutonic;* but scarcely less deserving of mention are the internal arrangements on which the health, comfort and enjoyment of the passengers so largely depend. Chief among these, perhaps, in general appreciation, was the splendid promenade deck which, true to its philological signification, covered the ship over like the flat roof of an oriental house. This deck is surmounted only by the narrow bridge from which the officers keep watch and conduct the work of navigation, while from its centre rises the large handsome library—a model of taste, elegance and luxury. In fact, while the whole interior of the vessel—staircases, passages, doors—is adorned with the choicest wood-carvings copied from Italian designs of the fourteenth century, this particular apartment is distinguished by the variety and beauty of the 15 natural woods with which it is everywhere in-laid.

Immediately beneath the promenade deck is the so-called upper deck, flanked on either side with suites of private rooms or cabins whose doors face inwards, while their windows look out to sea. Between these cabins and the ship's side runs on either hand, for the whole length of the deck, a spacious passage about ten feet wide, completely covered overhead, on which the third-class passengers lounge about and take exercise. One is really gratified to see the latter so well cared for; and any temptation the more inquisitive among them might feel to pry into the cabin windows—as they do into the private apartments at Hampton Court Palace on public holidays—is effectually guarded against by blinds and coloured glass. When a window happens to be partially open, a whiff of strong tobacco, or the stream of noisy conversation, will now and again make its presence disagreeably felt.

I sometimes found a passing amusement in studying, “from the loopholes of retreat,” the faces and persons of the crowd as they moved monotonously to and fro in front of my windows, 16 and I could not help reflecting that I was as little *en rapport* with those hundreds of my fellow-creatures, as is the lion or tiger who daily sees a similar procession file past his cage in the Zoological Gardens. I should have liked to mix with them and, if possible, make a few friends amongst them, but the mass seemed to repel me by its mere dimensions; and, then, in these days, one's motives might be thought to be not altogether disinterested. I was agreeably surprised to see the men and boys amongst the emigrant Irish very respectably attired and exhibiting generally an air of comfortable independence. Not so the women, however, who were often without bonnets, and protected only by a thin shawl thrown over the head and upper part of the figure *à la* Colleen Bawn. Even thus, many of the sad, pensive faces were rendered interesting by that inherent touch of melancholy which, as Mrs. Chenevix Trench long ago remarked, is the ground-note of Irish character.

But one can never be certain of anything where they are concerned, as the following authentic story will attest. Last autumn, a lady well and honourably known in English public 17 life went over to Ireland to study the peasantry, and if possible to acquire some insight into their actual condition. One evening, as she was returning home, she passed some groups of men, women and children, unkempt and wretchedly clothed, squatting, like a family of scarecrows, outside their cottage doors. It immediately occurred to her that if she could only photograph them, what admirable pictures they would make to carry back to England! They joyfully assented to her proposal, and an hour was fixed when she should return with her camera the next day. She duly reappeared fully equipped for her task; but it was no longer the same people who confronted her. *They* had no idea, indeed, of being immortalized in their rags, and had, one and all, “claned” themselves up into a state of thorough-going respectability, and of course out of all semblance of their previous picturesque appearance.

At the further extremity of the upper deck aft is situated the sumptuous smoking-room, furnished with richly upholstered couches of solid mahogany, and hung with quaint oil-paintings of ancient and medieval galleys. C

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From this upper deck at either end a wide staircase leads down to the saloon—a magnificent apartment in white and gold, which occupies the entire width of the ship, and where 300 people or more are daily accommodated at meals.

Before reaching Sandy Hook we fell into the expiring throes of the great storm which had well-nigh submerged Atlantic City, and devastated Coney Island, Long Beach, and other marine resorts of fashionable New York society. At the same time it had swept nine pilots out to sea, so that our commander was obliged to remain all night at his post, and obtained a pilot only at eight o'clock the next morning.

As we sailed up the beautiful harbour, its shores looked indescribably dismal, as seen through the thick veil of mist which shrouded everything in its folds. We were told the summer had been exceptionally rainy, and it is a pious opinion among the older inhabitants that the climate of New York has undergone a change. Some attribute this to the Gulf Stream, which has ceased to keep the respectful distance at which it formerly flowed, and has 19 been slowly trending northwards. At any rate, it is an accepted fact that while in former years the pastime of sleighing was maintained throughout the entire winter, it now rarely lasts for more than a week or so.

Bartholdy's great statue of Liberty carrying a torch reared its gigantic form through the gloom, and painfully reminded one of the terrible sacrifice of human life which the cult of that sanguinary goddess had demanded on the continent we were just approaching. C 2

CHAPTER II. THE EMPIRE CITY.

“On the 26th day of October we arrived at the metropolis, called in their language *Lorbrulgrud* , or Pride of the Universe.”— Swift.

TWO somewhat formidable “bogies” confront the unhappy traveller who lands for the first time at New York—the Customs and the cabs. Each of these is traditionally said to involve a most unpleasant experience, but in this respect, I confess, they fell somewhat short of the expectations I had been led to form. The Customs officers came on board some way down the harbour and soon after took up positions in the spacious saloon, while the passengers ranged themselves *en queue* to pass in turn the preliminary ordeal. This consists in making an affirmation and signing a paper that you are the bearer of nothing 21 liable to duty. Formerly, that is till five or six years ago, personal wearing-apparel, if not in actual use, was subject to the tax; and I am acquainted with a lady who was compelled to pay 300 dollars duty on her wedding trousseau, and furthermore to swear upon the Testament that the articles of which it consisted were not intended for sale. Mr. Astor, however, disputed the legality of the practice, and with the happy privilege of wealth carried the question into the Supreme Court of the United States. Here a decision was given in his favour, much to the delight of the American public, which can now equip itself in the best-made Paris or London garments and take them home duty free.

The examination of one's packages by the Customs officials at the dock is to the full as disagreeable and hardly less inquisitive than that to which one is subjected by the needy harpies of the Sultan at Constantinople. With the latter a bribe might probably smooth some difficulties, but at New York the surveillance is so strict that it would be dangerous to attempt corruption. Nevertheless, a little harmless favouritism is sometimes shown.

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“Come this way, your Riverence, and I'll see you through myself,” said an officer to one of our passengers, at the same time beckoning him significantly aside. The gentleman thus apostrophized happened to be an Anglican clergyman from the South of England who had acted as our chaplain on board the preceding Sunday; but so correct, or so extreme, was

his High Church attire, that he passively imposed upon the Irish Customs' officer as a real priest.

To protect passengers from their natural enemy, the cabman, steam-packet companies have found it necessary to appoint a responsible functionary, whose duty it is to settle the question of fares. Under his superintendence I was told off, happily with an English gentleman whom I had known on board, to a small four-wheeled cab for which each of us paid one dollar. Inside there was barely room for ourselves and our handbags; while outside, under a pouring rain, was piled our luggage, covered with a tattered horse-rug, while the driver, in Irish fashion, appropriately surmounted the whole.

Pat is, indeed, very much *en évidence* in the humbler walks of life in New York. One encounters 23 him everywhere as policeman, railway-porter, gate-keeper, cabman and waiter—his inalienable brogue and uncertain temper at once bewraying his nationality. He is by force of circumstances a pervert to independence, and, like other apostates, wears his adopted principles somewhat awkwardly. You can see the old obsequious spirit still rule him from its urn; and he would fain be polite sometimes if his environment were not so terribly adverse. On the first night of my arrival at the Windsor Hotel, I said most deferentially to the Irish chambermaid, “Would you be so kind as to light the gas in my bedroom?” and she replied, “I guess you can light it yourself, the matches are right there.” But on the morning I left, she was calling down the blessings of all the saints upon my head, quite in the pre-American manner.

What Mascarille in “Les Précieuses Ridicules” says of Paris, “Il y fait un peu crotté; mais nous avons la chaise,” comes back with redoubled force to the thoughts of all who have to traverse West 10th Street and Broadway on a rainy morning. Our cab-wheels floundered through a sea of incredible sludge 24 interspersed with loose paving-stones; while huge misshapen telegraph-posts, seemingly dragged out of the perpendicular by the weight of the wires they carried, sprawled in disorderly attitudes along the wayside. Nor were these the only evidences of incompleteness and want of finish which to a great extent

characterize this *parvenu* city. Streets, in the majority of instances, are left without names or numbers, it having been formerly the custom to affix these to the gas-lamps, but since the latter have been superseded by the electric arc-light, their useful and, to the stranger, indispensable superscriptions have perished with them.

Every one exclaims—none more than Americans themselves—against the shameful condition of the New York streets; but municipal corruption in the States seems to be accepted as part of the law of Nature. The better classes recognize and indeed freely admit its existence, but they acquit themselves of complicity by some such argument as this: “In spite of it things go on fairly well: if it become too flagrant it will provoke the measure of public indignation necessary to correct it.” In the meantime *plectuntur Achivi;* and it would 25 seem that the code of American morals regards peculation and dishonesty not from the point of view of their intrinsic baseness, but from that of the degree of inconvenience which their unrestricted exercise may occasion. But the truth is, the New Yorker is no longer master in his own house—the more respectable inhabitants enjoy no *locus standi* in the municipal government of their own city. Rents in the better quarters are so high that a large proportion of business people, together with the mass of their employés, prefer to reside at a distance, in Brooklyn or Jersey City, and travel daily to and from their offices in Broadway and elsewhere. Thus their votes are forfeited, and civic affairs are left to be fraudulently manipulated by “rings” of Irish and Italian saloon-keepers and their nominees.

Amongst the “sights” of New York, the most vaunted is undoubtedly the immense suspension bridge which spans the East River and unites New York with Brooklyn. When viewed from the summit of the Produce Exchange it presents a very striking appearance, to which the river and harbour contribute no small degree of picturesqueness. But the moment 26 we set foot upon the structure itself, all sense of the beautiful is extinguished beneath the hideous noise and the unsightly aspect of the trains and tramcars which traverse it in both directions. Tasso's description of Pandemonium seemed to fit it exactly, for not only were our ears stunned with the hoarse sounds of the infernal trumpet in the

guise of a modern steam-whistle, but earth shook as if with the tremor of some volcanic birth.1

1 “Nè si scossa giammai trema la terra, Quando i vapori in sen gravida serra.” Gerusal. Liberat., Canto iv. iii.

Never shall I forget my first acquaintance with this famous bridge. A friend drove me across, *en route* to Greenwood Cemetery, in his smart mail-phaeton. As the Psalmist expresses it, “Some put their trust in chariots and some in horses,” but at that moment I lost my faith in both, for I fully expected to see the animals bolt under an amount of provocation which might have startled a very Simeon Stylites in horseflesh. The same state of things prevailed all through Brooklyn—some five miles—up to the gates of the cemetery: an overhead railway in full swing, double lines of horse-cars and

THE ROADS ON BROOKLYN BRIDGE. To face page 26.

27 tramways, and a road which, having once been laid with large granite boulders, was afterwards turned up with a steam-plough. In fact, in America man seems to be an animal which creates a great deal of noise.

It would be really difficult to imagine any product of the human mind, or any work of human hands, more hideous and unsightly than the so-called Elevated Railroad; and I believe the people of New York would have rebelled against so prodigious a birth, could they have realized in time the full measure of deformity which it was about to inflict upon their city. But its promoters were astute enough to introduce their scheme to the public through the medium of Harper's and other illustrated magazines, in whose pages it assumed a form as graceful as that of an ancient aqueduct on the Roman Campagna, and posed as a highly ornamental work of art. Thus opposition was conciliated and finally lulled to sleep, until the modern Gargantua sprang with incredible rapidity from playful infancy to portentous manhood—

“Horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans.”

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Now, the only excuse that can be pleaded for it is its public convenience and utility; and it certainly does afford a ready means of reaching the more distant parts of a town whose ordinary streets are so ill-adapted to vehicular traffic.

The apologists of the Elevated Railroad claim for it that it is, after all, only the supernal form of our London Metropolitan; but they forget that the latter runs at least on *terra firma* , that its stations are provided with spacious entrances and exits, and that it is constructed without the sharp curves which so unpleasantly distinguish their aerial line. When I took the latter to go to Haarlem River, I was astounded to see the train now and again approach the void, the verge of an abyss; but it was only the illusion produced by two sections of the line meeting at a right angle, and the difficulty was of course surmounted by performing a corresponding curve!

Lest the reader should imagine that I have been guilty of some exaggeration in what I have just stated, let me adduce the facts of the case from an unimpeachable source.2 On the railways

2 “The Railways of America.” By various writers. London: John Murray. 1890. Page 8.

VIEW OF THE ELEVATED RAILROAD NEAR EAST RIVER. To face page 28.

29 of Europe there are few curves of less than rooo feet radius; on many of the main lines in America are to be found curves of less than 300 feet radius; “while on the Manhattan Elevated, the largest passenger traffic in the world is conducted around curves of *less than* 100 *feet radius* .”

This line of route confers upon a visitor some of the involuntary privileges of a modern Asmodeus, for if his vision cannot penetrate the roofs of the houses by which he passes, he can see more than enough of the interiors through the open first-floor windows. *On dit*

that many owners of property have instituted successful suits against the railway company for the inconvenience and annoyance thus occasioned, and other claims of the same kind are being privately settled. It would be strange indeed if any people tamely submitted to such an invasion of their rights as the whole scheme of this railway implies.

My first experience of hotel life in America was exceedingly favourable. With no other light or leading than Appleton's Guide (ed. of 1888), I had written from England to the Windsor, to ask for a comfortable room; and 30 though strictly *en garçon* , an excellent apartment on the third floor had been assigned to me. I was subsequently moved to the second floor, but with no sensible advantage to myself, as the elevator, or lift, abolishes all distinctions of that kind, and virtually places the occupants of the several floors upon the same level.

Those whose ideas of a “lift” are founded on the pattern of English and Continental hotels will find it difficult to realize the important part played by the elevator on American soil. In the first place it is of vastly superior construction to those commonly met with at home, is comfortably and elegantly fitted, and glides up and down the shaft as smoothly and noiselessly as a well-oiled piston in its cylinder. It is very roomy, so that it carries a dozen persons comfortably, travels rapidly, and is under easy and perfect control.

Instead of being employed in a niggardly spirit, as in Paris, to supplement the staircase, the elevator has virtually superseded that primitive arrangement. It is unhesitatingly summoned to any floor, by old and young, either to go up or down, and its services are ungrudgingly rendered. In fact, it is regarded on all 31 hands as an indispensable adjunct of existence; and such a notice as the following, which is to be seen in a fashionable hotel of the Avenue de l'Opéra, would be fatal to any similar establishment in the United States: —

“Avis.

“L'ascenseur ne fonctionne pas les vendredis.”

The *cuisine* at the Windsor is very well adapted to an English palate content to eschew those articles of the *menu* which are distinctively American. Among the latter I would place the small blue-point oysters served up in half-shells interspersed with fragments of ice. They look tempting, but are in reality soft and vapid, and for a new-comer, I believe, not quite wholesome.

I had an opportunity, rarely permitted to strangers, of visiting the kitchen and larders of the Windsor. The former is on a level with the dining-room, and is a very large apartment from which the odours proper to cooking are all drained away through a flue in shape resembling an inverted funnel, the large end of which forms a wide aperture in the ceiling, while the narrow extremity passes out at the 32 roof. I hardly thought it possible, out of England or Holland, to see such perfect cleanliness as prevailed in all departments, and I felt it would be quite as agreeable to sit down to dinner in the kitchen as in the adjoining diningroom. The meat used to make soups and for other purposes was of the finest quality, and, indeed, every circumstance bespoke the highest order of management.

I have been told in ominous tones by travellers to the United States that it would never do to fall ill in one of these great hotels, and I had unfortunately an opportunity of witnessing such an occurrence in the person of one of my fellow-passengers on the *Teutonic* . This gentleman was ill during a great part of the voyage, and arrived at the Windsor in a very disturbed state of health. During the first two or three days he endeavoured to get about, but was ultimately obliged to take to his bed; and I shall briefly enumerate the attentions he received at the hands of the hotel officials. They immediately placed at his disposal a larger, airier and more comfortable room than that which he originally occupied, and a servant was specially told off to remove 33 his things from one room to the other. Of milk, arrowroot, chicken broth, rice pudding, and other medical comforts which his condition demanded he had an ample and regular supply served in his bedroom on the third floor; and, in fact, in a short time, he quite recovered.

The large *salle-à-manger* , as it may most conveniently be called, of the hotel is situated on the first floor, and is approached from the lift or staircase through a suite of handsome public drawing-rooms. Every morning, Sunday not excepted, a table is set up in one of these rooms for the sale of newspapers, and each guest as he passes through to breakfast purchases one or several. I think the universal newspaper contributes not a little to the sullen gloom and unsocial temper of the average American; and when I saw my neighbour sit down to table with five or six of these ephemeral publications under his arm, I could not help thinking of the man into whom entered the unclean spirit accompanied by “seven other spirits more wicked than himself.” One of these is undoubtedly bad sight, and it is astonishing to see what a number of men still comparatively young ear spectacles, or what D 34 vanity substitutes for them in America, *pincenez* .

On board the *Teutonic* I obtained my first experience of American manners and customs and a glimpse of those usages of the table with which I was subsequently destined to become more familiar. The seat allotted to me in the saloon was between two young men and opposite to a pretty woman, who, despite conflicting evidence in the form of a grown-up daughter, maintained a remarkably youthful appearance. One of my immediate neighbours was an absolute stick, only mobilizing his ideas at the instigation of some article of food or drink, and again instantaneously reducing them to a peace footing. The other was altogether of better style, and could be coaxed into a little expansiveness on questions of sport, but, like the great majority of his countrymen whom I met, there was a complete absence of spontaneity about him. I am constrained to say, without any feeling of prejudice, that the latter appears to be a permanent trait of American character. Nowhere on his own continent have I met with an American who would initiate a conversation; and they all seemed to live in a state of servile 35 obedience to some mysterious canon which forbade approaches to a stranger. So far does this spirit of self-abnegation extend, that even the commonest courtesies of life are lost beneath its deadening influence. Again and again it has chanced to me in American hotels to be the first to summon the elevator. While waiting a moment or two for its appearance, a lady and gentleman—unmistakably

husband and wife—emerge together from some adjacent corridor and enter *en scène* just as the expected machine is on the point of arriving. Lady passes in first, in virtue of her prerogative; and husband immediately follows in her steps, without deigning to bestow a look, a nod, an apologetic gesture to the stranger he has kept waiting, whose undoubted *right* it was to have preceded both of them.

Manners, unlike the star of Empire, do not take their way westward. And yet we find Mr. Bryce—the acknowledged Gamaliel of American Law and Constitution—express himself in the following terms.3 “I come last to the character and ways of Americans themselves, D 2

3 “American Commonwealth,” Vol. ii. p. 680–1. 2nd Edition.

36 in which there is a certain charm, hard to convey by description, but felt almost as soon as one sets foot on their shore, and felt constantly thereafter. They are a kindly people. Good-nature, heartiness, a readiness to render small services to one another, an assumption that neighbours in the country, or persons thrown together in travel, or even in a crowd, were meant to be friendly rather than hostile to one another, seem to be everywhere in the air, and in those who breathe it. Sociability is the rule, isolation and moroseness the rare exception.”

I think the ordinary visitor to America, when he comes across this passage, will feel unmistakably startled, and inclined to ask if he has not been reading the language of political adulation rather than the unbiassed reflections of an impartial traveller. And in this I am speaking not for myself only, but from the experience of others, who, having gone to the United States armed with excellent introductions, have had reason to lament the absence of those characteristics which Mr. Bryce so lavishly attributes to his *protégés* .

Apropos of the elevator, I may mention an 37 odious custom which prevails universally throughout the States; but odious only through the mechanical obsequiousness with which it is practised. Half a dozen men, all with their hats on, may be going up or coming down in the lift. It stops at some intermediate floor, when a lady, young or old, *coiffée* or *décoiffée*

, as the case may be, and wholly unknown to any of the previous occupants, steps in. By one common impulse off spring the hats, not in a storm of gallantry or the sudden flutter of a gratified surprise, but with the wooden formality of a set of country louts suddenly confronted by the parson. So greatly did I resent the *gêne* of this intolerable practice, that rather than bow the knee to Baal I carried my hat, as St. Denis did his head, whenever I went up or down in the elevator.

It is curious to note the somewhat inflated tone which runs through current American speech, side by side, it must be admitted, with a picturesque realism rarely to be found in the tongues of other nationalities. What can be more ridiculous, for instance, than universally dubbing a ship's cabin a state-room, or a vulgar four-wheel street cab a coupé? Yet 38 such is the invariable usage. On the other hand may be quoted the expressive term “drummer” as applied to the commercial traveller, *vulgo* bagman, who is sent out by the manufacturing and wholesale houses to beat, not “the drum ecclesiastic,” but the drum commercial. “We don't keep a drummer—we never drum our goods,” is a disclaimer not unfrequently heard in the quieter business houses. At a small office in New York, where I went in quest of a patent article, I was shown two lists, in one of which the prices were left blank. I inquired what the latter meant, and was answered, “Oh, they were for the drummer!” who was evidently intended to insert for the occasion whatever price he was likely to get.

The drummer in his headlong career hither and thither in search of business, has originated a second well-known character—the “ticket-scalper.” The former may have taken at New York, for example, an unlimited ticket (which allows him to spend virtually as much time as he likes *en route*) to Chicago. But at some intermediate point of his journey he receives information which induces him to change his course, and he wishes to go—say to Wheeling. 39 Is his Chicago ticket, then, to be forfeited? Spirit of American enterprise and speculation forbid! He takes it to a “scalper,” who “transacts” with him for his disused ticket, and sells him another (acquired probably under parallel circumstances) to his new destination. While I was in America it was publicly charged against the

Pennsylvania Railroad Company that they had been selling tickets wholesale to “scalpers” on the occasion of an immense gathering at Washington of Freemasons from all the States of the Union. So the business is a recognized one even by the companies, from whom one might suppose it abstracted a good amount of profit.

Another peculiar term in regular employ is “crank,” not used in a mechanical sense, but to signify a minor form of moral derangement. It is closely analogous in usage to the French phrase “Quelle mouche l'a piqué?” and the German “Laune”; but it always connotes a slightly unfavourable meaning. I once invited a young man with his mother and sister to dine with me; but the two ladies arrived without him, and on inquiring the cause of his absence, they answered apologetically that he had a 40 “crank.” A young lady also once acknowledged to me that she was the only “crank” in her family; but at the time I did not know exactly in what sense to take the information.

Another peculiarity of American speech is the unwonted sense in which certain familiar English words are used, such as “lovely”—to give only one example. Near me in the saloon of the *Teutonic* sat a lady remarkable for the angularity of her features and a shade of complexion which even the fondest mother could not extenuate—two defects which were still further aggravated by the whitey-brown cloth cap which she invariably wore. A fit of sea-sickness had laid her low for a couple of days; but as soon as she began to get about again, the purser asked her, in a kindly sympathizing tone, how she was feeling. “Oh, I am lovely, quite lovely, this morning,” was her bewildering reply.

Among the sociological phenomena of New York, and indeed of the States generally, none is more startling and unexpected than the wide prevalence of the Roman Catholic religion. It is so strange to find the “ghost of the Roman 41 Empire seated,” not as Hobbes said “by the grave thereof,” but astride the vigorous form of a young Western Republic. Still, no one familiar with the Church in Europe can help observing that its grasp of the individual has sensibly relaxed, and that the strictness of its discipline is considerably tempered by the breath of American independence. There is a story in Philadelphia of a Yankee, who

having been taken to task by his priest for want of attention to certain religious duties, reversed the natural order of proceedings by telling the latter to go to h—ll.

An American gentleman, accompanied by his Roman Catholic *fiancée* , called one Sunday morning to conduct me to the Protestant Episcopalian Church of the Rev. Heber Newton, and, as we were walking along Fifth Avenue, I said to the young lady, “You know you will be damned for this!” But she laughed at what she took for only a good-humoured sally, and told me she was a frequent visitor at the church to which we were going. I thought to myself, Where are the thunders of the major excommunication lurking on the American continent? But the truth is, Churches are rarely powerful 42 enough to repress individual liberty and to enforce conformity to their tenets except where they are in intimate alliance with the Government of the country. This is a danger which cannot be thought imminent in America at the present day.

New York is full to overflowing of religious edifices of all denominations, but *facile princeps* among them is the magnificent Roman Catholic Cathedral. It stands on an extensive plot of ground in the best part of Fifth Avenue, nearly opposite the houses of the Vanderbilts, and is an imposing as well as graceful structure in the Gothic style. Its twin white marble spires which spring from either wing of the façade recall to mind those of the cathedral of Bayonne, and form a graceful landmark in the midst of so many unsightly mundane objects. The interior is liberally adorned with very good modern painted glass, superior in colour and design to much that we see in England: and the windows bear in almost every instance the names of Irish donors, many of whom have been in other ways generous contributors to the building.

“The fierce light which beats upon a throne” 43 in the Old World is hardly less searching or less fascinating than the kindred flame which in America plays about the possessor of a million. He is the subject of universal comment, speculation, and familiar talk, points the moral and adorns the tale of every-day life, and, like the poor, is always with us. The more prominent millionaires at New York are, *pace* the *Spectator* , decidedly unpopular, or at

least only command the latent admiration which is always conceded to the “smart” man. One of the best known of those free and equal citizens takes his walks abroad attended by a so-called detective, in reality a powerful bully, not unlike in character to a bravo of the 17th century. Their public and even their family festivities are made the subject of the merciless personalities of an unlicensed press and of worse than Aristophanic gibes in illustrated papers. When the wife of a notorious *parvenu* lately issued invitations for a grand ball, the newspapers published derisively beforehand what everything was going to cost—the flowers, the champagne, and even the hostess's dress. One illustrated paper went even further than this, and represented the supposititious ancestors arrayed 44 in grotesque costumes taking part in the evening's entertainment. Even the lady of the house was portrayed carrying a feather fan, to which the ticket marked $1000 was still appended.

The somewhat heterogeneous elements which compose American society are rapidly ranging themselves around the old magnetic pole of birth: and of late years a marked aristocratic spirit has sprung up among the older families, rendering them morbidly anxious not to be confounded with the mere *nouveaux riches* . I met at Saratoga an American gentleman, evidently *de vieille roche* , who, in his youth and when Americans were rare, travelled in all the countries of Europe, Poland and Russia included, and was in London at the death of William IV. He expressed himself in very disparaging, even bitter, terms of those of his fellow-citizens who flock to the Continent at the present day, and insisted that they were in no way representative of his country. “They are valued,” he said, “merely for their money, not for any merit they possess; and,” he added emphatically, “Englishmen who come over here and marry them ought to be ashamed of themselves.” Indeed, even among those who are 45 wholly exempt from the taint of aristocratic pretensions, there is observable a disposition to depreciate and *dénigrer* the genuine *parvenu* . As I was seated one evening with two Americans in the large hall of the Windsor Hotel, one of them said to me, “Do you see that man just coming in with his hat over his eyes and a newspaper in his hand? that's—. Would you like to speak to him?” At a slight expression of assent from me, we rose together and moved in Mr.—'s direction. He exchanged a few words with the two

gentlemen and proceeded on his way. When he had passed, one of them observed to me, “You wouldn't think he had begun life as the conductor of a train.” “Yes,” the other added with emphasis, “and of a *freight* train.”

It may be noticed that an American is always quick to proclaim the money-value of any object for which he desires to enlist your interest or admiration. Such a hotel cost a million dollars! and if he can add that the men who first tried to “run” it all failed, and then committed suicide, he feels that he has directed your attention to a really big thing.

“Look here,” said a very intelligent guide, 46 who was conducting me over the Capitol at Washington, “that's a fine picture—that picture cost 10,000 dollars” (pauses for a reply). “Yes,” I answered, “it is a good picture, but remember you might pay ten thousand dollars and obtain a very bad picture.” The gist of my remark was completely lost upon him, and he adds, “Oh! but I can show you a much better picture than that upstairs—cost 25,000 dollars!” Thus the dollar has come to be the ready-reckoner in art, as well as in a good many other things: and universally in America merit is subjected to the cruel arbitrament of money.

The feverish pursuit of wealth and material well-being, characteristic of American civilization as a whole, is marked, it must be confessed, by one redeeming trait—the honour, amounting almost to a cult, paid to the dead. Nothing I saw in the country pleased me more than its beautiful cemeteries, which in the estimation of Americans themselves, not less than in the opinion of visitors, form no inconsiderable ornament and attraction of the principal cities.

New York possesses two, and Boston two, which rival one another in the beauty of their 47 sites, in the taste and elegance with which they have been laid out, and in the cost and care lavished in maintaining them. Greenwood at Brooklyn and Mount Auburn near Boston are marvels of the landscape gardener's skill, and present the appearance of endless mazes of walks and drives, interspersed with trees and flowers and the monuments of the

dead. Not a few of the latter are historic, and bear the names of families identified with the political, industrial and literary triumphs of America; while some are special favourites of the public from the touch of Nature or romance with which they are tinged. Quite a “lion,” in the latter respect, is the tomb of Charlotte Canda at Greenwood, around which a crowd of eager visitors is to be seen ranged every Sunday, paying silent, unconscious homage to the twin deities of Leopardi, Love and Death.4

4 “Cose quaggiù si belle Altre il mondo non ha, non han le stelle.”

Amore e Morte.

The lady whose memory it perpetuates—the only child of very wealthy parents—was thrown from her horse and killed on the eve of her wedding-day; and a large part of her dower 48 was subsequently expended in procuring this beautiful monument from Italy. It is of white marble and a real work of art, carved into patterns of lace almost as rich as those at Miraflores; and in this remote spot, far from exhalations of dust and smoke, it preserves its original purity unimpaired.

In the style and condition of her cemeteries America is as far in advance of England as she is in many other matters; and at Mount Auburn the traditional mortuary chapel is replaced by a church of great architectural beauty, standing on an eminence within the grounds, and clothed with the pretty Japanese ivy, so happily employed in America for the outward ornamentation of churches and private houses. While wandering through that vast and peaceful enclosure, which seems a very Paradise of Mortality, the rite of cremation becomes as foreign to one's thoughts as the rite of Suttee, and never to my eyes has Earth presented a more attractive aspect than she does here, preparatory to that eternal function ascribed to her in the beautiful verse of Shelley:—

“To my bosom I fold All my sons when their knell is knolled.”

There is much to be accounted for in the American girl which serves to distinguish her not unfavourably from her congener of the British Isles. Her qualities are in part original, coincident with her first appearance in the American Eden; and in part an accretion derived from less primitive times and circumstances.

Already in 1790, before the future capital of the United States had attained the dignity of “a local habitation and a name,” and while the city of Philadelphia served as a temporary seat of government, she had attained to a certain celebrity. “The belles of this place,” writes Rebecca Franks, afterwards Lady Johnston, “possess more charm in a single feature than the beauties of New York in their whole person.”5 Brissot de Werville thinks them very pretty but affected; the Count de Rochambeau makes it a reproach to them that they run into the extreme of fashion; but both gentlemen are astonished at the freedom of manners and language which the young ladies allow themselves, notwithstanding which they declare E

5 See “La Femme aux Etats Unis,” by M. C. de Varigny. Revue des Deux Mondes, Mars, 1889.

 them to be most seductive. *That* they are; and not less so in the opinion of their own countrymen than in that of the foreign ministers. When the English Ambassador politely remarked to Senator Tracy of Connecticut, “Your American ladies would be admired even at St. James's.” “I have not the least doubt of it,” replied the other; “they are very much admired at Litchfield Hill.”

The American girl of to-day has certainly forfeited none of the attractive qualities ascribed to her predecessors of a hundred years ago. She is an unrivalled coquette in the best sense of the term, and has raised the art of flirtation to the dignity of a national institution. But she is at the same time essentially practical, and stands in little danger of being carried away on the current of an amiable illusion. The “heart,” which we are wont to attribute—I

hope not in vain—to her sisters in other lands, has in her become rudimentary, like certain disused organs of the animal economy.

But to explain the process by which she has attained to this degree of moral superiority it will be necessary to revert for a moment to some elementary facts in the history of the 51 American race. The early settlers in New England, as is well known, made it their first care—after they had cleared the forest, and constructed their “settlements” of log huts for common protection against the Indians—to build some place of religious worship and a school. But the difficult circumstances in which colonization first took place made it impossible to found separate schools for boys and girls, and hence it became the established custom for both sexes to occupy the same forms, to be taught in the same classes, and to share in every way a common school life. This principle extends even to American colleges at the present day.

Hence philosophers have thought that it is the experience thus acquired in early life which has conferred on the daughters of America their intimate acquaintance with the weak side of masculine human nature and their corresponding power of manipulating it so as to make—

“The ever-shifting currents of the blood According to their humour ebb and flow.”

However this may be, an American author derives from the custom referred to a telling E 2 52 illustration of one prominent characteristic of his country-women—their insensibility to the most polite and even gallant attentions of the other sex.

A lady, who rose to the highest pinnacle of distinction in her day, and not only ruled supreme at the White House, but actually subdued the rough old president, Andrew Jackson, to be the obedient instrument of her will, was once a pretty and engaging schoolgirl of twelve or thirteen years. Having incurred the displeasure of her teacher, one Lorriby, she was invited to come up for punishment, and had actually advanced towards the magisterial ferule, when a chivalrous youth, touched by the sight of beauty in distress,

volunteered to take her place. This was a recognized privilege which a boy had the right to claim at his own risk.

Seaborne Bynes was accepted as her substitute, whereupon the original culprit retired without bestowing a nod or even a glance of recognition on her unfortunate champion, but took care to choose the most advantageous and comfortable seat she could find from which to witness his punishment. Seaborne was very 53 fat, so that his jacket and trousers were as smooth and distended as a sausage, and presented only too inviting a field on which to exercise the rod. He suffered terribly in body and soul; and as he caught sight of the future Mrs. Eaton smiling at his discomfiture, he vowed to his comrades that he might be hanged, buried, dug up, and hanged again, before he should be caught undergoing vicarious chastisement for any girl in the school.

A young lady of New York, who had only just completed her sixteenth birthday, and possessed a face and figure which painters declared to be not unworthy the pencil of Gainsborough, abruptly asked me, “Do you like English or American girls best?” Notwithstanding the awkward position in which such an inquiry necessarily placed me, I found courage to reply that nothing can compete with a really nice English girl. “Then,” she savagely retorted, “why do Englishmen come over here snapping us all up?”

This is undoubtedly a wide question.

The defect which seemed to me chiefly noticeable in the American girl is that she is a stranger to the thousand subtle and refining 54 influences of an English home, as it is constituted by an English mother and English servants. The home she has is a very loose-fitting garment while it lasts, and the hoydenish beauty early outgrows such feeble restraints as it may have imposed on her development.

There can be no doubt that the young Americanus has every disposition to imitate Englishmen and Frenchmen of his class in the pursuit of pleasure and the love of idleness; and already the institution of the “Turf,” which is in full swing in the States, affords him a

ready means of indulging his tastes and dissipating his fortune. I am speaking of those of course, who not being sons of millionaires, have yet inherited ample means from their fathers; and of such there is no inconsiderable number in all the principal cities. At Boston I saw a gentleman who keeps a large stud of race-horses and is in a general way a munificent patron of sport, and they say that his father, for a great part of his life, slept in a tea-chest in order to save the expense of a lodging, and by these and other sordid means accumulated great wealth.

55

Below this class again are the successful tradesmen, who have acquired a moderate competence in the pursuit of some legitimate business, whatever it may be. Their sons have no inclination to work, but greatly prefer to see others work for them, while they affect the extravagant ways of young men “about town,” frequent race-courses, dives, drinking-saloons, and other channels of dissipation.

In the current parlance of the inhabitants, New York is divided into two chief regions —“down town,” and “up town,” it being high tide in the former in the morning, and in the latter in the afternoon. It is no easy matter for dwellers “up town,” as at the Windsor, to get down to Broadway and the adjoining streets—the Elevated Railroad stations not being very practicable for a stranger, and the cost of cabs and carriages amounting almost to a prohibition. Under the circumstances I generally had recourse to what is called the Fifth Avenue “stage,” which runs the whole length of the avenue between Central Park and Broadway.

For a community so progressive as that of New York this is a very homely conveyance, 56 which Mark Twain might have introduced in his entertaining history of “A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur,” for it bears some traces of an origin connecting it with that early period. Its name has been given to it apparently because it marks the first *stage* in the evolution of the omnibus, having been born with only one horse and without any conductor. In accordance with these facts its pace is naturally slow, and it offers the only

living contradiction I have seen to the orthodox French proverb that a door must be either shut or open, for its door is perpetually slamming from one position to the other without ever attaining the goal of its endeavours.

The fare in the “stage” is the same as that in all other public conveyances in New York, five cents, or 2½ *d.* English, otherwise called a nickel, which each passenger deposits in a transparent glass receptacle, whence it finds its way to its appointed destination out of sight.

One need only take a short walk along Broadway and note the names over the principal business houses to see what a legion of German Jews has marked that famous thoroughfare for its own; and the native 57 American plaintively confides to you that the whole import business of the country is exclusively in the hands of the Beni Israel. Whether this predominance be due to superior skill in matters of commerce, or to other causes, the fact remains, and is one of a group of very thorny questions which lie right in the high road of American progress. Even during the short period of my visit, I became aware of the growing sensibility of public feeling on the subject of promiscuous foreign immigration; and I have no doubt that in the minds of representative Americans there is a determination to place it under restrictions if they can.

At present, indeed, it would seem as if all the ingredients of which Humanity is constituted were being poured into the American continent as into a vast retort or crucible, whence, after prolonged distillation and due reaction of the elements, will one day issue the final Extract of Mankind.

Broadway (including the streets immediately contiguous) is the show-quarter of New York, and is crowded with splendid buildings in which the citizens feel a legitimate pride, and which 58 kindle even in the stranger a glow of enthusiasm and sympathy for the human energy and enterprise to which they witness. Some of them too are not wanting in a certain poetry and picturesqueness, such, for instance, as the beautiful Trinity Church,

which stands in a clear open space exactly facing Wall Street, and, with its lofty graceful spire of dark brown stone, the colour of a monk's cowl, seems silently to admonish the brawling multitude at its feet.

Amongst secular structures the façade of the U.S. Customs is, I think, one of the most pleasing and tasteful, and, like the Sub-treasury and Post Office, is an example of truly classic architecture. The latter is, indeed, a magnificent pile, and is said to have cost seven millions of dollars, or about a million and a half sterling.

After these follow the wonderful Insurance Offices, with Greek façades in pure white marble; and the gigantic Newspaper buildings towering like Rumour6 into the skies, and recalling, by the disparity of their offspring, the

6 The allusion in the text is to Virgil's well-known description in the fourth book of the Æneid: but the functions of a modern newspaper seem to be admirably summarized in the lines of Ovid (Met. xii.):

Ipsa quid in cœlo rerum, pelagoque geratur Et tellure, videt, *totumque inquirit in orbem*.

59 well-known apologue of the mountain in labour.

Central Park—so-called, apparently, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, for it is situated at the farthest extremity of Fifth Avenue—is one of the chief ornaments of New York. The inhabitants are pardonably proud of it, though it is remarkable neither for its extent nor for the quality of its timber: but it may be conceded that it is prettily laid out, and well provided with broad gravel walks for riding and driving, privileges of which a #e[???]#, [???]##[???]###, like the Americans, largely avails itself.

Near adjoining is the celebrated Seventh Avenue, which would not badly represent the hippodrome of a Greek City, save that it follows a straight course and is bordered with houses on either side. It is the scene of the famous trotting matches, for which its wide level surface covered with tan makes it admirably adapted. The season of the “games”

does not begin till November or December, so I had no opportunity 60 of seeing any of the favourites perform, like the mare, Maud S., who does her mile in 2 min. 8 secs. But even while driving there on a Sunday afternoon the number of smart teams and fast-trotting horses that one meets is amazing, and it almost seems as if every family in New York kept a gig, or, its American equivalent, a buggy.

Within Central Park is situated the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts, a spacious building well adapted to its purpose, but of little architectural pretension; and in close proximity to it, on some rising ground, stands an Egyptian Obelisk—a so-called Cleopatra's needle. Under these inclement northern skies, and isolated from all its native surroundings, the monument of Thothmes III. presents an immeasurably woe-begone and melancholy appearance, and one feels instinctively what an act of folly has been committed in transporting it hither from the warm cradle of its race, and placing it—“poor orphan of nothing, alone on that lonely shore.”

The shrunken and solitary figure seemed to me to furnish a unique comment on certain criticisms uttered by Lord Byron with respect 61 to the removal of the Elgin Marbles from Greece. He maintains the view that “The parting genius is with sighing sent” from the place of its nativity, but that it forfeits nothing of its inherent poetry and beauty by the change of clime. On the contrary, it is the spot of earth bereft of its presence which is condemned to deterioration and oblivion. Here are his words: “Without them, the spots of earth would be unnoticed and unknown; buried, like Babylon and Nineveh, in indistinct confusion, without poetry, as without existence; but to whatever spot of earth these ruins were transported, if they were *capable* of transportation, like the obelisk, and the sphinx, and the Memnon's head, *there* they would still exist in the perfection of their beauty, and in the pride of their poetry. I opposed, and will ever oppose, the robbery of ruins from Athens to instruct the English in sculpture; but why did I do so? The *ruins* are as poetical in Piccadilly as they were in the Parthenon; but the Parthenon and its rock are less so without them. Such is the poetry of art.”

Whoever would like to see this argument of the noble poet undergo a practical *reductio ad* 62 *absurdum* has only to contemplate for a few moments the desolate monument in Central Park.

On the other hand, it would be difficult to over-estimate the interest attaching to its near neighbour above referred to—the Metropolitan Museum of Art—but this will be sufficiently indicated here by a brief enumeration of its more conspicuous treasures. In the first place, General di Cesnola's famous collection of antiquities from Cyprus is permanently enshrined here; and there is hardly any other object historically conceivable more worthy to form the corner-stone of a great national temple of Art. It is representative of all styles and all ages—prehistoric, classical, Hellenic, Egyptian, Assyrian and Phœnician—and partly, no doubt, belongs to the time when the sacred bull of Astarté sailed with the maiden Europa to found the first settlement in the West.

In the Hall of Modern Sculptures, as it is called, are some fifty well-chosen works, which include examples of the art of Thorwaldsen, Canova, Gibson, Powers, and W. W. Story. It was pleasant to meet again in unexpected places some of the familiar and beautiful forms 63 —as the Cleopatra for instance—which have given to the name of the latter sculptor its well-deserved pre-eminence among American artists. And this department testifies, too, to the public spirit so characteristic of American citizens, for quite two-thirds of the noble objects it contains are gifts from private persons.

But the principal feature of the museum is its collection of paintings which is distributed throughout six or more galleries, and numbers some 500 works.

About one-third of these were bequeathed, together with a princely endowment, to the museum by a wealthy and munificent lady of New York, Miss Catherine Lorillard Wolfe, who died in 1887. It is well known that she and her family were admirable connoisseurs in Art, and the collection which now perpetuates her name bears ample testimony to the remarkable taste and judgment which she exercised in its formation.

Among the artists represented, some by several examples, are Meissonier, Troyon, Bonnat, Cabanel, Rosa Bonheur, Corot, Jules Breton, Bouguereau, Jules Lefèbvre, Fortuny, 64 Munkacsy, Gerôme, Carl Piloty, Hans Makart, Joseph Stevens, and Madrazo.

In another division of the museum—Old Western Gallery U—are to be seen two such masterpieces as the original “Horse Fair,” painted by Mlle. Rosa Bonheur in 1852, and Meissonier's “Friedland 1807,” dated 1875. Both of these great pictures belonged to the collection of Mr. A. T. Stewart; and at the sale of his effects in 1877 the former was purchased by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt for 10,000 *l.* , and the latter by Judge Hilton for 13,000 *l.* The picture of the “Horse Fair” in our National Gallery is only a quarter-size replica of the above, and there are also extant one or two still smaller.

Besides a choice collection of pictures of the English school, there are some 150 examples of old masters, among whom Rubens, Velazquez, Vandyck, Rembrandt and Terburg are well represented.

Thus, perhaps, though few persons would *a priori* associate New York with valuable Art collections, the visitor who will devote a day or two to the Metropolitan Museum will be certain to reap the reward which attended 65 the student in Gil Blas, who was wise enough to disinter the soul of Pedro Garcia, and carry it with him to Salamanca. Beneath the quiet, unpretentious exterior of the solitary building in Central Park is deposited a series of works of which not a few European capitals might be proud.

During my stay in New York I attended services in three of the Protestant Episcopalian churches: “The little church round the corner”; the Church of the Heavenly Rest in 5th Avenue; and that of the Reverend Heber Newton in 46th Street.

The former of these has obtained its popular *sobriquet* from the circumstance which originally brought it into vogue; that it gave burial to deceased members of the theatrical profession whose remains were not thought worthy to repose in the consecrated precincts

of other churches. In the porch is a handsome monument to the late Mr. Montague, a distinguished actor and a great favourite with the public, who died not many years since in California. The long low roof of the church, its small but not ungraceful proportions, the “dim religious light,” and the frequent symbols of an F 66 ornate high-church cult, give it somewhat the appearance of an ancient crypt, which has been raised above ground, and ornamented with beautiful painted glass and other objects of art.

The service was conducted throughout with all the insignia of ritualism and sacerdotalism, and an admirably-trained choir contributed still further to deepen the pervading religious atmosphere. Happily, too, American congregations have the good taste to refrain from joining in the singing, and marring, for the attentive worshipper, the effect of fine and impressive music.

The church of the Heavenly Rest is, by a curious irony, a favourite scene of fashionable marriages; and its interior and services are conspicuously ritualistic.

Mr. Newton belongs to the Broad Church school, so far as doctrine is concerned; but neither is he indifferent to the æesthetic considerations which are naturally inseparable from public worship, and his fine church is likewise distinguished for its splendid choir.

Before quitting the subject I may add that 67 American churches are made to subserve one commendable purpose, which would hardly be thought germane to the exercise of the Christian religion in England. While a modern London church is probably the only religious edifice in which the atmosphere of indifference to one's fellow-worshippers is complete, the Church in New York or Boston is actually made a social centre, and helps not a little to promote friendly intercourse among its members.

Most of those peculiarities which so vividly distinguish the American social fabric from its English original, and form the theme of every visitor to the States, are attributable in a great degree to the want of decent domestic servants. And, indeed, from this point of view alone, the slightest personal acquaintance with New England is fraught with edification and

instruction for the traveller from our shores. In the light of what he sees, he will not be slow to appreciate the incalculable advantages he enjoys at home.

This is what I learned on the subject from the wife of a distinguished foreign consul, who had resided for some years in the capital of F 2 68 Massachusetts. To begin with, servants are extremely costly, difficult to procure, and unsatisfactory when you have got them. They claim, or rather tacitly assume, privileges which would never be conceded in an English household. My informant found that her cook had a piano downstairs, and daily took lessons from a master. Another, when being engaged, made it a point that she should be allowed to bring her dog, and in fact they consider themselves warranted to treat in every way on equal terms with the people who employ them. Probably their most grievous exaction is the claim to have a certain part of each day absolutely at their own disposal, during which they go out and amuse themselves, and, in any case, are removed from the jurisdiction of their mistress.

The Princess—, who lives at Boston, was in want of a maid, and was duly waited on by a “young lady,” who was shown into the morning-room of the mansion. When the Princess appeared she found a showily-dressed girl reclining on the sofa reading one of her books, and was told by the intruder that she *had* not come in quest of the 69 situation, but that, never having seen a real Princess, she thought the opportunity of making the acquaintance of one too good to be lost!

CHAPTER III. THE HUDSON.

“Wenn wir nun eintreten, erfahren wir auch hier dass die Wirklichkeit sich zur eingebildeten Vorstellung immer ironisch verhält, und dass diese eine gewisse Zeit braucht um sich zu reinigen und der reellen Gestalt der Dinge ganz mächtig zu werden. Die Enttäuchung ist gross.”1

1 If we make the experiment, we shall learn here too that reality is ever in ironical contrast with preconceived ideas, and that the latter require a certain time to purify themselves

from what is illusory and to become conformable to the actual state of things. Great is the disenchantment.

Gregorovius.

PROBABLY no other object connected with America—not even Niagara—filled so large a place in my thoughts as the Hudson River; and my visit to the States was timed so as to see it in the mature beauty of the “Fall.” But “last Fall” was capricious; and the morning 71 of September 20th, when I embarked with three friends on board the huge steamer for Albany, although bright and dry, was cold enough to drive the whole herd of passengers downstairs to the saloon. That apartment, however,—evidently designed for such a contingency—was situated in the fore part of the vessel, and provided with large windows and abundant seats to enable the traveller to enjoy the scenery from the basis of a comfortable lounge. This had the necessary disadvantage of exhibiting a view of only one side of the panorama, and, in addition, the Americans on board, who in such matters are the embodiment of democratic selfishness, had appropriated all the best places, and retained possession of them throughout the voyage. So, abandoning my two fair companions, who evidently preferred a sensational novel to me or the Hudson, I went with the other male member of our party on deck, prepared to feast upon “The linked sweetness long drawn out” which I had promised myself at starting.

From New York harbour to Albany, the capital of the State of New York, the Hudson measures about 150 miles, while its breadth 72 varies from half-a-mile to four miles and a-half; but the *minimum* applies to only a very small part of its course. The most general characteristics which it presents are wooded banks, scattered villas, and a succession of large towns lying close to the river on either side. Conspicuous on the spectator's right, or East Bank, is Mr. Jay Gould's picturesque, castellated mansion, to which he retires daily in his steam yacht *Atlanta* from “the impious uproar hurled” of Wall Street and the Stock Exchange.

Soon after starting, a prominent natural feature comes into view on the left bank, the so-called Palisades, a line of vertical columnar rocks of the nearly uniform height of 300 feet, extending in an unbroken wall for twenty miles along the river-side. They mark the commencement of the Palisade area, which belongs geologically to the Mesozoic or Reptilian period, and stretches from here south-westward through Pennsylvania as far as Orange County in Virginia, a distance of 350 miles. They certainly lend a picturesque and imposing appearance to this part of the river, and serve to remind us not inopportunely of the remarkable palæontological treasures

THE PALISADES ABOUT TWENTY MILES FROM NEW YORK. To face page 72.

73 lately brought to light in certain parts of the American Continent.

Unlike the Rhine, to which it has been fondly compared, we search the banks of the Hudson in vain for “snowy summits old in story,” and its slender historical associations are only “like fringe upon a petticoat.”2 Even the Indian name of the river, which we should probably find as picturesque as others of its class, appears not to have survived; and it is curious to note how insignificant are the evidences of the Dutch occupation to be found in the existing nomenclature. One such, however, is Yonkers, a flourishing town of 19,000 inhabitants, whose chief purpose is to serve the fashionable world of New York with an inland Brighton at about twenty miles' distance. A favourite recreation of the young ladies who resort there is to run backwards and forwards to New York on shopping expeditions, of which it is needless to say papas, mammas, or chaperons seldom form a part.

2 “As You Like It.” Act iii., Sc. 2.

“Back of” (to employ a vulgar though terse Americanism) Hendrik Hudson, who explored these waters in September 1609 under the 74 impression that they afforded a short cut to the object of his quest—the North-west passage, all is darkness, as the Indians never succeeded in founding a civilization like those of which the valleys of many great rivers in antiquity have been the cradle.

It was in 1614 that the Dutch formed a trading-post where Albany now stands; and fifty years later our James II. conferred his ducal titles on the two chief towns of the settlement, never dreaming that in days to come they would be strongholds of those religious and political principles which he held in the sincerest detestation.

The district next emerges into notice with the War of Independence, of which it was to a great extent the theatre; and thence it obtained its baptism of romance in the sad and tragic fate of Major André. Near Piermont, a landing-place on the west bank of the river about 22 miles from New York, stands the old Dutch town of Tappaan, where Washington had his head-quarters and André was executed. His story cannot be more succinctly told than in the following inscription from the pen of Dean Stanley, carved on a monument which 75 Mr. Cyrus W. Field erected some ten years ago at Tappaan:

Here died, October 2, 1780, Major John André, of the British army, Who, entering the American lines On a secret mission to Benedict Arnold For the surrender of West Point, Was taken prisoner tried and condemned as a spy. His Death, Though according to the stern rule of war, Moved even his enemies to pity; And both armies mourned the fate of one so young and so brave. In 1821 his remains were removed to Westminster Abbey. A hundred years after the execution This stone was placed above the spot where he lay By a citizen of the United States against which he fought, Not to perpetuate the record of strife, But in memory of those better feelings Which have since united the two nations— One in race, in language and in religion— With the hope that this friendly union Will never be broken.

“He was more unfortunate than criminal.” “An accomplished man and gallant officer.”

George Washington.

The courtly Dean, it is to be feared did not express in the above well-chosen lines the final judgment of history on the transaction to which they have reference; and Washington's

posthumous tribute serves rather to aggravate than to palliate the injustice of his victim's fate.

76

Though the facts are few and well-established, they are not likely to be present to the minds of all our readers, and it cannot therefore be inappropriate at this spot to review them briefly, as a tribute to the memory of the heroic dead.

The Benedict Arnold above referred to was a distinguished but impecunious general in the American army, who had for some time been engaged in a secret correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton for the betrayal of West Point, the Gibraltar of America, as it was then called, to the British forces.

Major André was an officer of the Cameronians, who during eight years' service had risen by his valiant conduct and his charming personal qualities and accomplishments to be Adjutant-General of the Army and the chosen friend of Sir H. Clinton.

He proceeded from New York in a King's ship, the *Vulture* , and quitted that ship under an American flag of truce, and *wearing his regimentals* , to meet General Benedict Arnold at a point outside the American lines.

Arnold's *rôle* in the transaction was to supply such information to the British commander as would enable the latter to capture the fortifications 77 at West Point; and of this important military intelligence André was designed to be the medium.

But while intending to betray Washington and the American cause to the King, Arnold's inexplicable conduct served in reality to deliver the British emissary into the hands of Washington. His own life he saved at a highly critical moment by precipitate flight, abandoning even his wife and child, and escaping to the British headquarters.

André remained a prisoner, and Washington made an execrable proposition to Clinton which would hardly have been entertained by a Condottiere of the fourteenth century, to exchange him for General Arnold.

Sir Henry Clinton suggested that the delicate and complicated question of André's guilt should be submitted to two impartial and experienced foreign officers, but that course was declined; and Washington not only “packed” but misdirected the jury that was to try him. This was a board of American military officers, the president of which was notoriously hostile to the prisoner; and it was charged to examine the question of André's guilt and *the punishment to* 78 *be awarded to him* . The alternative of his innocence was not contemplated, was not an issue directly or indirectly submitted to the tribunal.

It is probable, in the opinion of modern jurists, that in consequence of his negotiations with General Arnold, he would be found to have forfeited his life, according to the laws of war; but he would not therefore have been condemned under the opprobrious character of a spy, nor suffered the death of a common felon instead of that of a gallant soldier.

It was an opportunity for Washington to have risen to the height of a splendid magnanimity, worthy of a Scipio or an Alexander, by allowing André to go free; because it was manifest the guilt of the whole transaction rested primarily not with him, but with the American general, Benedict Arnold.

The fate of the unfortunate victim—young, gifted, interesting and, as it was believed, innocent—produced a thrill of sympathy mingled with indignation which vibrated through the world. But nowhere did those feelings provoke so keen a pang as in the small social circle of an English cathedral-town where André had 79 been known and loved. The miniature of his *innamorata* , Honora Sneyd, he preserved till death; for when his captors deprived him of all else, he managed to conceal that precious relic in his mouth.

Miss Anna Seward, daughter of a resident canon of Lichfield Cathedral, the friend of Dr. Johnson and of Erasmus Darwin, and herself a poetess of no mean order, consecrated one of the efforts of her genius to the memory of André. This was the well-known Monody, which was greatly praised by Johnson, and obtained a high degree of popularity in England; but when read now its prolonged strain of vituperation only offends the taste, and induces an unpleasant reflection as to how the authoress might have scolded in prose. She thus anathematizes Washington:—

“For Infamy, with livid hand shall shed Eternal mildew on thy ruthless head.”

I am sure there must be thousands of persons whom the newspapers have made familiar with the name of West Point, who, if asked, would be completely at a loss to say where it is. The name itself, indeed, rather suggests some part 80 of the coast line; but it is the coast—if such may be attributed to it—of the Hudson, and not of the Ocean.

The site of the great National Military Academy is at a distance of some fifty miles from New York, on some high and picturesque cliffs which immediately overlook the river. The Cadets' Barracks, as the guide-books say, “is the most imposing structure, and is castellated in the style of the *ancient* Tudors.” The same authorities tell of “Kosciuskos's Garden,” for it appears the illustrious Pole resided here, before his death taught Freedom the evil habit of “shrieking,” which she has kept up more or less ever since. “Flirtation Walk” (by moonlight too, and with the scenes filled in) forms a prominent guide-book illustration of this region; and as there is a good hotel at West Point, I have no doubt the place would well repay a visit in the months of June, July or August.

Of the “smartness” of the young gentlemen who receive their education there, I may record an instance which was related to me on high authority. General—had gone to West Point on a tour of inspection, and, being a little vain of his own·military acquirements, he treated 81 the students to an elaborate demonstration of the tactics by which a particular fort might be taken with unfailing certainty in three weeks' time. He next turned to his audience and

inquired: “But suppose, gentlemen, the situation were reversed, and you were shut up in that fort, say with 1500 men, what steps would you take for its defence?” “I would walk out,” said one. “Walk out, with your garrison, from a fort of that strength!” exclaimed the General; “why, it would be madness, cowardice.” “Well, but don't you see, General, *in three weeks I would have it again* ,” was the cool reply, which quieted the General, at any rate for that time.

After passing West Point, my attention was called to an oft-recurring feature of the river navigation—huge convoys of barges lashed closely together and towed by a steamer. They are laden entirely with ice for New York—the transportation and sale of that product forming an important and valuable industry of the district. It is derived from some lakes near the upper waters of the Hudson, and stored in immense ice-houses which line the river's banks, and by their unredeemed ugliness aggravate G 82 the monotony which marks the scenery between Hudson City and Albany.

The next considerable place at which we touch is the City of Poughkeepsie,2 situated on the east bank about half-way between New York and Albany, and familiarly spoken of by the coloured attendants on board as “Keepsie.” It is said to contain 20,000 inhabitants, and is principally remarkable for the number and splendour of its educational institutions, chief among which is the Vassar college for women. The latter is beautifully situated and handsomely endowed, and 350 of the sex obtain within its halls the benefits of the highest order of education.

2 A corruption of the Indian Apo-Keep-Sinck, signifying a safe and pleasant harbour.

Poughkeepsie has given its name to another of those triumphs of the engineer's art, the recently-erected cantilever3 bridge, which spans

3 “The word 'cantilever' is used in architecture to signify the lower end of a rafter which projects beyond the wall of a building, and supports the roof above. It is from an Italian

word, taken from the Latin *cantilabrum* (used by Vitruvius) meaning *the lip of the rafter*."—"Railways of America," page 33.

Dr. Murray, in his "New English Dictionary," gives no countenance to any such derivation as the above. There is no Italian word analogous to *cantilabrum;* nor is the latter to be found in Vitruvius (see the fine edition of his "Architectura," in four vols., 4to, with Lexicon Vitruvianum, published at Udine, 1825–30).

83 the river at an immense height and forms a further connecting-link between East and West. The bridge really consists of two fixed lengths of 525 feet each, and of three cantilevers. The former were built from stagings erected on piles sunk *in* the river to a depth of 120 feet, while the cantilever sections, according to the principle of their construction, served as their own scaffolding. Among the chief advantages of the latter system is the economy of time which it affords, one of these spans of 548 feet long having been erected in four weeks, as compared with the four months required where stagings had been employed. The height of the rails above the surface of the water is 212 feet, which, added to 120 feet of piles driven into the bed of the river, rendered the actual height of the fixed staging or scaffolding 332 feet.

Undoubtedly our mechanical and civil engineers are the true modern magicians. They have smoothed every obstacle and difficulty from our path, but, in the process, they G 2 84 have unfortunately extinguished our primitive faculty of being astonished. Their marvellous feats in cutting isthmuses, bridging rivers and tunnelling mountains have forcibly converted the public mind into an attitude of *nil admirari* . This is to be regretted, and places our modern workers in iron at a disadvantage, when compared with the builders of the beautiful Pont du Gard, or of the kindred Puente del Diablo near Tarragona.

The Hudson, as is natural, claims a share in the beauty of the Catskill range which runs along its western shore for a distance of some 20 or 30 miles, and first comes into view before we reach Hudson City, about 100 miles from New York. The mountains are too far distant from the steamer—some 12 or 15 miles—to be seen with any distinctness, but their

graceful rounded forms, mellowed by the velvet haze which laps their summits, just serve to conjure up the pleasing ideas which most persons associate with such scenery. From what I have heard I am inclined to think that, in the Catskill and Adirondack mountains, a wellconstituted party might pass a very agreeable summer holiday; and a distant view of the 85 latter group from Saratoga seemed more like a beautiful mirage than a reality.

The Ice House region we attempted to conceal from ourselves by getting up “tea” in the saloon. This is a domestic rite not yet fully recognized in the States; and, indeed, even at New York “five-o'clock tea” is still in the social *jardin d'acclimatation* , and regarded as somewhat of a curiosity. However, we had little difficulty in extorting the desired concession from our coloured attendants below, who are usually responsive to the prospect of a reward, and the modest refreshment we had claimed ultimately deviated into the lines of a high tea.

It was half-past six o'clock when our steamer touched the landing-stage at Albany, where we experienced the usual difficulty of finding any one to carry our small hand baggage ashore; but we succeeded at last in transferring ourselves and our effects to a landau, which for the concerted fare of one dollar conveyed us to the railway depôt at some distance.

I was fully aware before quitting England that so competent an authority as Sir Richard Temple had compared the scenery of the 86 Hudson to that of the Bosphorus—a fact which further stimulated my curiosity and interest in seeing the American river. The only point of view, I think, which countenances such a comparison is that from the high broken ground at Riverside Park, as one ascends towards General Grant's tomb. Looking down thence upon the river, sprinkled with small boats, white sails and an occasional steamer, and to the opposite lofty banks, a certain likeness to the Bosphorus may suggest itself, particularly if one has been told beforehand what to expect. But on a nearer approach to the river, the illusion vanishes, and no one who has ever been rowed in a caique from

Galata to Buyukdere would consent to resign that vision of beauty for anything to be found upon the Hudson.

I had now sailed over its broad waters, in a monster steamer, for nine long hours, and I confess it left me cold physically and æsthetically. In the first place the strong current of air created by a steamer going 18 knots, the showers of “blacks,” which fall almost as thickly as the ashes of Vesuvius once fell upon Pompeii, and the heterogeneous character of the company on board are not

PASSENGER BOAT ON THE HUDSON To face page 86.

87 favourable to the quiet contemplation of scenery either sylvan or aquatic. Then the breadth of the canvas on which the picture is painted proves too vast a field for the eye to compass. It is impossible from mid-stream to discern the character of the timber, much less the colours of the foliage on either bank; and it is only the towns at which the steamer stops from time to time that gain in picturesqueness from the distant view.

But in no circumstance is Sir R. Temple's comparison more unfavourable to the Hudson than in the colour of the water, which in the Bosphorus is of a deep and exquisitely luminous transparency, while here it is an opaque dirty grey, recalling the tint of a glacier torrent.

The train for Saratoga consisted only of the ordinary coaches, which I did not think at all so comfortable as even our third-class carriages at home, so that my first experience of actual railway travelling outside New York was rather disappointing. I had not yet made acquaintance with the Wagner Vestibule, or the drawing-room car.

We reached Saratoga after dark in the midst of a tropical downpour of rain, but a very well-appointed 88 omnibus met us at the station and carried us comfortably through the storm to the adjoining United States Hotel. This is one of the largest and most justly celebrated hotels in America, if indeed it were possible to assign pre-eminence in these respects to any particular establishment of the kind. Americans, more than any other people with

whom I am acquainted, take a pride in their crack hotels, and never miss an opportunity of crying them up and extorting a stranger's opinion as to their merits. An Englishman who happened to be staying at a well-known hotel in Liverpool was thrown into contact with an American there, and somewhat rashly challenged his opinion as to what would be thought of such a hotel in the States. “In the States!” answered the American, “it would take rank as a second or third-rate pothouse.” “Oh, indeed,” said the Englishman, “to be sure this is by no means one of our best. You ought to see the Black Swan at Falmouth; there the dining-room is so large that the waiters are obliged to attend on *horseback* .” The United States Hotel at Saratoga is on a somewhat similar Brobdingnagian scale of grandeur, and 89 boasts truly enough that it contains 1100 rooms, and provides for the wants of 2000 guests at a time. Its numerous saloons, ball-room and dining-rooms present a larger superficies of elegance and luxury than is usually to be met with outside a royal palace; and its two wings enclose a handsome garden bordered on every side with spacious colonnades, or “piazzas,” as Americans prefer to call them, which must afford unlimited opportunities for flirtation.

I do not think I have previously mentioned that the customary tariff in the best American hotels is five dollars (or 1 *l.*) per day, to include apartments, meals and attendance, but here I was charged seven dollars because my room had a bath appended to it. However, this latter scale is not invariable, for, in the Continental Hotel at Philadelphia, I occupied on two occasions much finer rooms *au premier* with bathroom attached without any additional charge.

That indispensable adjunct of polite society, the millionaire, is represented at Saratoga by a somewhat remarkable personage—Judge Hilton—who stands to the place in the relation of resident landed proprietor, and exercises considerable influence on its affairs. He once 90 took the bold step of excluding Jews from the principal hotel—forbidding them the house in fact—an affront which it is said they repaid with usurious interest.

His residence, Woodlawn, stands in an extensive demesne, or park, to which the public of Saratoga have unrestricted access. It is well planted, but of course the timber is young and small, and the white marble gods and goddesses which fringe the margins of the drives and walks look sadly cold and discontented in their northern home.

Judge Hilton is also owner of the only mansion in New York which may with perfect propriety lay claim to the name of palace. This is the handsome massive building which occupies the corner of West 34th Street and 5th Avenue, and formerly belonged to the notorious A. T. Stewart. It has been untenanted since the late owner's death, and various projects have been formed for converting it into a club-house, a purpose for which it would be admirably fitted. As it is, the white marble pile looks as *triste* as the halls of Jamshid—an empty monument to the memory of an ignoble millionaire.

91

The aspect of Saratoga, with its numerous fine hotels, its scattered villas, its avenues shaded by tall elms, its varied mineral springs and its general *entourage* , reminds one irresistibly of Vichy. But the country around is much more diversified, the distant views finer, and the air more balmy and refreshing than any to be met with at the health capital of the Bourbonnais.

At Saratoga I entered for the first time the zone of coloured servants, and, accustomed as one may have become to the aspect of the solitary negro, it is a little startling to confront a solid phalanx of those dim-descended mortals, who, despite the fact that the season was fast drawing to a close, were marshalled in the hall to the number of forty-three. They seem a kindly, good-humoured, but inefficient class of servants, their manifestly low grade of intelligence rendering them less attentive than the English and Irish at New York, and also less disposed to enter, into the wants and wishes of a stranger. Singular as it may appear, too, they give themselves ridiculous airs, those who are appointed to be super-

intendents of the rank and file affecting quite a 92 dandified attire, and strutting about in all the pride of self-complacent vacancy.

On my first morning I was attended by a brisk active man, who prepared my bath, inquired what I wanted, and took my orders downstairs, very much as a servant at home would have done. But I never saw him again. The next day a much inferior edition of him appeared, and it was in vain I inquired after his anonymous predecessor. Then I was wont to indulge in an early cup of tea with bread and butter in my bedroom, which was brought up each morning by a different waiter with corresponding variations in the manner of serving it. I have read somewhere, in illustration of Eastern fidelity and devotion,

“Abra was ready when we called her name, And when we called another, Abra came.”

But here the situation was exactly reversed, for when we summoned Abra it was another and still another who answered to our call. The morning I was leaving I found that some of my linen had not been returned from the wash on the previous evening as ordered, and about eight o'clock I rang my bell. In due time some one knocked, whom I invited to enter, and there 93 was a negro whom I had not previously seen. I apprised him of the difficulty I was placed in, as I could not finish my packing, and he fled with the greatest precipitation, as I thought, in the direction of the laundry. I went down to breakfast and returned to my room, but as yet no clean linen had appeared. The train was to leave at eleven o'clock, so I rang my bell a second time. New negro! who feigned entire ignorance of the commission confided to the previous one, but undertook to recover my missing property in a very few minutes. I had also mentioned the matter at the bureau, and heard a peremptory order given for the immediate restoration of my effects; so this was the third emissary launched in pursuit. Still nothing came of it, and a religious silence settled down again over my solitary apartment and the long corridor outside. It was ten o'clock, one more appeal to the bell. Enter a negro, whom I might have apostrophized in the words of Orlando—

“Oh, good old man; how well in thee appears The constant service of the antique world,”

for he listened to my story with as tender an interest as if it had not already been published to the entire household, and promised specifically 94 to bring the things back in ten minutes. But he had probably read Lord Houghton's philosophic poem “Never Return!” for he acted completely in its spirit, and I did not see him again.

Before quitting Saratoga I must advert to one of the radical differences which obtain between current manners in England and America. We sent three telegrams to the Central Office in New York, with a view to secure places in the drawing-room car from Albany to Niagara; but to none of the three did the officials vouchsafe an answer. Some one may ask, Were the replies prepaid? but this is not the custom in the States, the charge upon the return message being levied on delivery. It was only through the personal interposition of a friend, who happened to be leaving the hotel for Albany on the previous day, that we were able to engage our seats.

Between the arrival of our train at Albany and the departure of the Limited Wagner Vestibule Express for Niagara there was an interval of about half an hour, during which it was necessary to have our luggage re-registered, and to take not only ordinary tickets for the 95 journey proper, but extra-special tickets for places in the drawing-room car. Seats in the latter are really tantamount to, and regarded by Americans as, the equivalent of our English first class. The method of registering baggage is much simpler than the time-honoured system in vogue on the Continent of Europe, involves no weighing (except in extreme cases), no printed bulletin, and little or no expense. In the luggage department of the station (depôt is the indispensable American term), are to be seen great heaps of leather straps, each strap furnished with a buckle, and carrying two circular brass labels, of which one is the exact counterpart of the other. These are the so-called “checks,” and the manner of employing them is as follows:

You exhibit your railroad ticket—say to Buffalo—and immediately upon each article of your baggage is affixed a strap bearing one check, while the duplicate check is handed to the owner for his safe custody. It is about the size of a five-shilling-piece, but not thicker

in substance than a well-worn shilling, and on it are engraved a certain number and your place of destination. It is a commendable precaution 96 —what theologians mean by a work of super-erogation—to satisfy yourself that the legend on the luggage-badge corresponds with that of the check in your own possession.

On the whole, the system is an excellent one, and presents no practical difficulty, even if you should require to claim your luggage at an intermediate station. On one occasion, while travelling by a Wagner Vestibule Express, I was able, during the two or three minutes the train stopped in the station, to have my checks changed, and the direction of my baggage altered to a different destination to that which I had originally intended. It is only fair to add that the conductor greatly facilitated the process by his active help, and at the same time declined in the most courteous but firm manner to accept any pecuniary acknowledgment of his services. Indeed the various members of the railroad staff seem to be in league to promote the convenience and expedite the movements of the traveller, nor was I sensible of the slightest want of attention in this respect during my short visit to the United States.

If, as Lord Macaulay tells us in his famous 97 essay, the chief aim of the Baconian philosophy is to promote the well-being of mankind, and to provide us with artificial resources against the natural disadvantages of our condition; then indeed, that system has received its triumphant vindication in America. Apparently, neither Plato, nor Aristotle, nor St. Thomas Aquinas would ever have conferred upon us a Vestibule Express—nay, they would have been unanimous in thinking that we might very well continue to do without one.

As I stood, not upon the platform, but by the side of the “track,” to await only for a moment the incoming train, I was astonished to see slowly glide into the station a file of immense carriages, which seemed quite to overawe one by their prodigious height and size—the living embodiment of some Miltonic portent,—

“As when the force Of subterranean wind transports a hill Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side Of thund'ring Etna.”

It would have been difficult in such a lengthy procession to hit upon the exact seats noted on our car tickets; but that was a matter of less importance, as there was a continuous passage H 98 throughout the train. Contrary to what one would have expected in America, the carriages composing this vast convoy were not numbered, but named, like the books of Herodotus's history, after the Muses. We first seated ourselves in Thalia, but had soon to move to Calliope, who furnished us with most comfortable arm-chairs, made to revolve, as occasion required, on a central foot or pivot, and commanding views of both sides of the road.

We had only succeeded in adjusting ourselves and our handbags to the circumscribed area commanded by each arm-chair, when a negro, who was perpetually ranging the car, intimated rather than announced that luncheon was ready in the restaurant. Thither, accordingly, we directed our steps, traversing car after car with little or no inconvenience, while the train was proceeding at the rate of at least sixty miles an hour. In a few moments I realized, as I had never done previously, the ease and luxury of a railway journey, and remembered, with some share of indignation, the so-called sleeping-cars in which I had been cramped and suffocated in every country of the Continent. Indeed, whatever may be the shortcomings of 99 the Yankees in other respects, no one can refuse them the tribute of a sincere admiration for the splendid enterprise and spirit with which they have equipped their great railway lines.

The restaurant, when we had reached it after a tolerably long walk, was set out on either side with a row of tables, capable of accommodating from two to four persons each, and the attendants were all negroes. It was evident the latter had been specially selected for the service; they were as spick and span as so many new pins, as nimble as ballet-girls, and as deft in serving and removing the different courses as a Parisian garçon de café. Some of them, too, had remarkably handsome features and pleasant engaging manners,

so that it was impossible to avoid the reflection that the blood of some Southern planter *avait passé par là* .

The fare at luncheon was not only good, but extremely varied, considering circumstances and price—one dollar; and the wines, which bore the names of the highest brands of Burgundy and Bordeaux, were both cheaper and more palatable than those which one meets with at most hotels in England. It would be unreasonable to expect a fine quality of Pomard, or H 2 100 Pontet Canet to issue from the *caves roulantes* of a railway train; but in the chief hotels of Liverpool or Bath one might surely anticipate that a St. Julien (so-called) at 8s. a bottle would be drinkable! I regret to say I have frequently experienced the contrary; and I sympathize sincerely with Americans, who, when they visit Europe, are obliged to forego the comforts of their own hotels and railroads for the decidedly inferior style of living prevalent in England. Just ahead of the restaurant was the smoking-room —another spacious apartment with easy chairs for at least a dozen people, two writing tables at one end, and at the other a neat “bar” for the sale of cigars and drinks. I found a seat and ultimately a chair, but failed to get up a conversation with any of my neighbours, who were mostly engaged in smoking and in reading their interminable newspapers to the death.

Our road, which lay along the Mohawk valley, brought into view, from time to time on our left, long stretches of the broad, smooth river, its surface burnished into gold by the slanting beams of the declining sun. Else, the landscape presents few picturesque features except 101 the Arcadian or English ones, of rich level fields, from which the harvest had just been gathered; large herds of highly-bred cattle grazing in happy indifference to the roar of the Vestibule train; and neat well-stocked farmyards expressive of homely plenty. New England, indeed, in its outward aspect, bears a strong family likeness to the Old, and may say with truth of her elder sister,—

“We were two daughters of one race: She was the fairest in the face.”

Never was there a more unhappy misappropriation of famous classical names than is to be found in the nomenclature of the district which we are just now traversing; and it is somewhat difficult to imagine what could have inspired the rude godfathers of the respective places to adopt them. The method of *sortes Virgilianæ* applied to Lemprière's dictionary, affords the only consistent explanation; for no one with the faintest tincture of the *literæ humaniores* could ever have grouped together on this alien soil such #e#[???]## [???]µe###[???] #[???]#### as Rome and Syracuse, Utica and Ilion, Carthage and Ithaca, *Seneca* and Verona!

It was nine o'clock when our train entered 102 the huge station at Buffalo, dimly outlined by the flickering glare of the electric arc lights. For twelve hours it had been travelling at express speed through a single State, that of New York, which extends hither from the mouth of the Hudson, and as far as the borders of Canada. This one State of the Union has an area of 47,000 square miles, and is therefore larger by 1000 square miles than the two kingdoms of Belgium and Portugal united! The adjoining State of Pennsylvania exactly equals them in magnitude; while Texas, possessing 274,000 square miles of territory, is greater than either Austria-Hungary, Germany, or France. In fact, these vast proportions of its separate parts which characterize the American continent invade us like a new sense as soon as we have been for a little time in the country.

After half an hour's delay in the junction, our “drawing-room car” was detached, in order that we might proceed—in a more leisurely way, as it proved—to Niagara, while the main portion of the train departed, without any loss of its initial velocity, to Chicago. We felt thankful to the arbitrary powers which rule in these 103 matters that they vouchsafed to us this extension of drawing-room luxury, which helped to mitigate the tedium of our slower progress, aggravated as it was by frequent halts and a dense external darkness. The latter, as we afterwards had occasion to realize, was a beneficent influence, for it shielded us from a ghastly procession of advertisements which lined the fields on either side of our route from Niagara to Buffalo. They proclaimed, ‘with damnable iteration,’ the merits of the

smallest, cheapest and most powerful pill in the world, capable of overcoming the most formidable diseases either singly or combined.

What a relief it was to reach the terminus and to feel that Niagara was concealed from us only by the dark cloud of night, and would be revealed to our expectant eyes with the return of day!

Having seated ourselves in the excellent omnibus of the Clifton House Hotel, we proceeded at a rapid rate over a somewhat rough-and-tumble kind of road as far as the suspension bridge, where a walking-pace became *de rigueur;* and soon after, about eleven p.m., we were set down upon the soil of Canada. At 104 the frontier, our luggage had been interrogated rather than examined by Customs officers of exemplary politeness; and another attended at the hotel in compliment to a lady's trunk of the customary American proportions, which, though the keys were handed to him, he magnanimously declined to open.

The rooms we had telegraphed for were ready, and I found in mine a novel and rather startling piece of furniture in the shape of a stout new rope coiled up near the window, and fastened at one end by a strong iron staple to the wall. Its purpose was unpleasantly obvious, but happily I was not called upon to test its practical efficacy, and nothing but the powerful persuasions of a conflagration could have tempted me to dangle on a smooth rope through a distance of some fifty feet.

CHAPTER IV. NIAGARA.

Swift as fire, tempestuously It sweeps into the affrighted sea; In morning's smile its eddies coil, Its billows sparkle, toss and boil, Torturing all its quiet light Into columns fierce and bright.

Shelley.

Loveliness, magic, and grace, They are here! They are set in the world. They abide.

Matthew Arnold.

Was dir die zarten Geister singen, Die schönen Bilder die sie bringen, Sind nicht ein leeres Zauberspiel.

Goethe's *Faust.*

TO the traveller newly-returned from America two questions are invariably put: “Have you seen Niagara?” and “Is it at all like the Panorama?” Of the *entourage* of the Falls, the latter gives a most correct idea; and on looking out for the first time from the terrace of the Clifton House Hotel, 106 I was astonished at what appeared to be an exact reproduction of the scene which I had previously witnessed in London. The suspension bridge, the carriage-road by the river bank, the foliage, the picturesque Loretto Convent, the Falls themselves, Goat Island and the wide expanse of water beyond, all seemed familiar to the eye.

But not even the gifted hands which painted the work would claim, I presume, to have adequately rendered the subtle beauty of intermingled spray and sunbeam, the concourse of those elements from whose union another Aphrodite might be expected to arise.

“Can thy pencil, O artist, restore The figure, the bloom of thy love, As she was in her morning of spring? Canst thou paint the ineffable smile Of her eyes as they rested on thine?”

Of a like impossibility would it be to portray on canvas the distinctive charm of the Falls. As I wrote, on the spot, to some English friends: “It is the Staubach infinitely multiplied, and without the loss of a particle of its delicate, airy grace of white vapour and foam. The luminous purity of the latter can be compared only with the white garments of the Transfiguration, or with what one is wont to imagine 107 of an angel's wing; and as I stood

to-day at an advantageous point on the American side viewing the Fall of that name, a splendid rainbow, of which the prevailing tint was a deep orange, flung itself with the suddenness of enchantment across the whole river."

What really disappointed me were Goldsmith's well-known lines—

"Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around, And Niagara stuns with thundering sound."

Well, I am ready to make Oswego a present of her swamps, in the past at any rate; but I deny that Niagara "stuns" by the thunder of its fall, or that noise and an appalling immensity are its prominent characteristics. On the contrary, every other feeling disappears in the sense of its extraordinary beauty. It is the Staubach infinitely multiplied—a November rain of shooting stars, instead of the flash of a solitary meteor.

Very marked improvements have taken place of late years in the public administration, if I may so call it, of Niagara. On the Canadian side a large tract of land, extending from the Clifton House Hotel to the Horseshoe Fall, has been enclosed and tastefully laid out; and those industrious 108 characters, who formerly frequented the district in large numbers for the purpose of pestering and preying upon travellers, have been effectually suppressed. In fact, one may range in the forest and feed on the lawn as secure and undisturbed as in the midst of an English gentleman's park. But though casual aggressors from the outside have been restrained almost to extinction, a propensity to take undue advantage of the stranger still lingers as a respectable tradition in the breasts of the constituted authorities. On our first morning we engaged a carriage to take us to all the chief points of the scene, for which five dollars were exacted, while four dollars, as we afterwards learned, would have been the proper charge. However, we were supplied with a new and handsome landau and a pair of fine horses, which had evidently been trained to "do" Niagara in the longest possible period. "But," the reader may exclaim, "if you paid a fixed sum for the whole affair, what object could the driver have to dawdle *en route?* " Answer—to show us only the half,

or less, and make us believe we had seen the whole! This feat he actually succeeded in accomplishing: and it was only on walking up 109 towards the Horseshoe Fall late in the afternoon that we accidentally learned our mistake.

There we met a French gentleman who had just returned from visiting a spot behind the great Fall; and he assured us, in affecting terms, that it was “ *une mauvaise inspiration* ” which had prompted him to go down. He got very wet, and had witnessed none of those marvellous effects which had been promised to him by the conductor of the elevator. At the same time he courteously explained to us that some beautiful scenery was to be met with on the left bank of the river, beyond the dense mound of mist which was blown towards us from the Fall and spread like an impenetrable barrier across the road. Through its folds nothing could be seen; and as it eddied hither and thither in the wind, one could not help recalling Dante's description of the thick unresting cloud in which were borne the imprisoned spirits of Paolo and Francesca—

Di qua, di là, di già, di su gli mena.1

1 It hither, thither, downward, upward, drives them. Longfellow.

Next morning we engaged a carriage, of lighter build than that of the previous day, 110 drawn by a pair of smart hacks, and gave orders to the driver to take us by the left bank to Dufferin Island and home by the high ground, on which stands the handsome Loretto Convent, so prominent an object in the panorama. We followed the road which leads through the Park to the Horseshoe Fall, and had to run the gauntlet of a shower-bath while passing through the cloud of spray which still floated on the wind in our direction. The weather was superb, and the wide prospect of cool running water formed a grateful contrast to the powerful rays of the autumn sun.

This Canadian side of the river has shared, even to a larger extent than the American, in the improvements that have been effected within the last few years. The route to Dufferin

Island is a charming drive or walk, interspersed with numerous bewitching points of view of the beautiful Niagara river, which flows throughout all its vast breadth with—

“The cataract's smoothness, ere it dash below,”

save where an island here and there, or some jutting rock, disturbs its placid surface.

Dufferin Island is covered with a thick growth of timber, intersected in the pleasantest 111 way possible by walks, running water, rustic bridges, inviting seats, and views over the great river, within a branch of which it stands,

“Emongst wide waves sett, like a little nest.”

It seems specially adapted for the recreation of a pair of lovers, who might easily lose each other for a time in its wandering mazes, with the certainty of experiencing, in the end, the pleasures of a mutual restoration.

We found it as deserted as the realm of Robinson Crusoe, even the brute creation being represented only by a handsome black retriever, which followed us about in the uncanny manner in which Mephistopheles first presented himself to Faust and Wagner. After a long delay we reluctantly returned to the carriage, which we found standing in the shade by the side of the main road. A fine iron bridge carried us across to the mainland, and a sharp ascent soon brought us to the high plateau on which the convent is so admirably placed. The latter is not accessible—naturally enough—to the crowds of strangers who flock to Niagara; but just as we attained the level of the platform on which it stands, we felt almost electrified by the sudden splendour which burst upon us. I called 112 vehemently to the driver to stop, as if I would arrest for ever the fugitive vision that was passing before my eyes as in a dream. I might as well have adjured the river or the cataract to obey my behests; he fled as a charioteer of old might have rushed from the *temenos* of some sacred temple, and pointed frantically with his whip in the direction of the Observatory!

This observatory, it is needless to say, was not erected for the contemplation of the starry heavens. It might, with some justice, be regarded as the Old Sarum of Niagara, a relic of the days before reform, when both banks of the river abounded with contrivances for the easy plunder of the unwary tourist. As our carriage drew up at the door, the proprietor, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, “stepped into the street, smiling yet a little smile” (a symbol of the occult power he possessed to punish an unsuspecting public) and politely invited us to enter. His figure, I believe, was so adjusted at the moment as to conceal from view another figure—the price of admission—which was posted in faint characters near the door. It was 50 c.! Now, this enumeration in cents I have always found extremely misleading. It 113 invariably suggests to the mind the French centime, and is in reality the same word, and denotes the same subdivision of a coin. But while the Frenchman has been content to make one hundred parts of his franc (value 10 *d.*), the American has applied the same process to his national dollar (value 4 *s.* 2 *d.*) with the necessary consequence that while 50 centimes in the former case equal five pence, in the latter 50 cents amount to two shillings.

Practically, it is not so easy as it seems to keep the difference always clearly present to one's thoughts, which in matters of coinage are prone to act somewhat automatically.

The back parlour of the observatory was a sort of cave of Trophonius, to which one was admitted through sundry dark and narrow passages, in order to behold a flame of natural gas which issued from the surface of a well beneath the floor. Such phenomena were of not unfrequent occurrence in antiquity, and were commonly accounted miraculous. It is in reference to one of them, which the priests attributed to supernatural agency, that Horace on the journey to Brindisi uttered his of quoted dictum— I

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“Credat Judæus Apella; Non ego: namque deos didici securum agere ævum; Nec, si quid miri faciat natura, deos id Tristes ex alto cœ dimittere tecto.”2

2 “ Tell the crazed Jews such miracles as these! I hold the gods live lives of careless ease; And, if a wonder happens, don't assume 'Tis sent in anger from the upstairs-room.”

J. Connington.

It may not perhaps be out of place, on the soil of Canada, to ask how much longer it will take mankind at large to reach the height of that great (Epicurean) argument?

From a rough wooden platform in front of the first-floor windows we had a superb view over the Horseshoe Fall and the river, though as compared with that close to the convent its surroundings detracted from its interest and made a discordant element in the scene. However, one could have remained for hours in contemplation of the absorbing and magnificent spectacle which, suffused as it was with the light of a glowing sunshine, transcended the wildest visions of earthly landscape.

Our cicerone pointed out to us the spot where, in the preceding June, two men who were duck-shooting in a small boat advanced too far towards the fatal vortex and were carried away 115 and drowned. One jumped from the boat in the vain hope of swimming ashore, the other went over the cataract in it—thus illustrating once more the eternal decree:—

“ Nature, with equal mind, Sees all her sons at play; Sees man control the wind, The wind sweep man away.”

As we returned to the hotel, we passed through a considerable village, the first which I had seen composed entirely of wooden buildings, arranged in long streets and blocks. It looked clean, but sombre and monotonous, as the exteriors were all painted of an uniform dull colour, which rendered one house with difficulty distinguishable from another.

The afternoon, however, had in store for us a very agreeable experience, characteristic of the strange modern world in which we are only half consciously living. At the Clifton

House we met a party of three young Englishmen who had just arrived from Japan, having travelled *viâ* Vancouver Island and by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

One of the trio was a well-known artist, who had spent several months in the Hakone mountains making sketches of the giant Fuji-San and I 2 116 of other characteristic scenes in " The Great Land of the Rising Sun." One of his companions exhibited to us a series of beautifully-coloured photographs, chiefly of Japanese ladies, while the other entertained us with native Japanese airs, which he played on the piano with great taste and expression. All were loud in their praise of the beautiful country from which they had come; of its wonderful art; of the charming simplicity and natural politeness of its people; of the exquisite grace and refinement of the women of the upper classes; and of the absence of the cactus-hedge of conventionality which gores one so terribly in the West.

It was with much reluctance we said "good night"; but it was incumbent on us all to sit down to breakfast at half-past six the next morning, in order to catch our train at Niagara Falls.

From Niagara a most interesting excursion may be made to Montreal by way of the "Thousand Islands." The proper plan is to go to Lewiston by rail in the afternoon, cross by steamer over lake Ontario to Toronto, and thence take the night train to Kingston. 117 There one arrives about five a.m. and goes immediately on board the boat which traverses the region of the famous islands, shoots two series of "rapids," and reaches Montreal before the close of daylight. The only drawback to the pleasure of this expedition is that, if undertaken too early in the season—say during the month of August—the English traveller is liable to fall a prey to the mosquitoes. But towards the end of September this objection does not exist, and it was for other reasons we were compelled to forego that portion of our projected tour. The weather, which for three entire days had been so glorious, suddenly underwent an abrupt change, and rain began to fall in torrents. This likewise interdicted us from carrying out another contemplated excursion, to be made from

Saratoga or Albany to Lake George and Fort Ticonderogo; and upon a full review of the situation, it was decided to return to New York.

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CHAPTER V. NEW YORK TO BOSTON.

“Zu bedauern ist die Menscheit Will ein Priester sie regieren; Statt den Himmel ihr zu geben Raubt er ihr die Erden Güter.”1

1 Much to lament is Humanity's fate When priests lay their hands on the vessel of State; In lieu of the heaven, once promised to sinners, They plunder men's pockets and eat their best dinners.

Goethe.

THERE are several ways of performing the journey between these two important cities, which are separated from each other by a distance of 234 miles, or about twenty-six miles less than the distance between London and Holyhead. One, the more widely celebrated, and in summer time the more frequented, is the Fall River route, over which the traffic is carried by means of immense steamers, renowned throughout America, and said to be the finest in the world. They leave 119 New York at five or six o'clock in the evening, and, traversing Long Island Sound, arrive at Fall River about five next morning, whence the traveller may reach Boston by rail in a couple of hours. There is an almost universal *consensus* of opinion among Americans as to the pleasure and interest attaching to this route; and I should certainly have adopted it, either in going or returning, had it not been for the lateness of the season, as well as for the circumstance that I was obliged to undertake this portion of my tour alone.

Another is an inland route, which I can pronounce from experience to be one of the prettiest railroad journeys to be met with in New England. The express train leaves the

Grand Central Station, near the Windsor Hotel, at eleven o'clock in the morning, and arrives in Boston about six o'clock the same evening.

Soon after quitting New York, the line runs by the shore of Long Island Sound, and passes several considerable towns and villages devoted for the most part to various forms of industry and to sea-bathing. For a distance of some seventy miles to New Haven the sea is almost constantly in view, and the route reminds one 120 not a little of the coast line from Cerbère to Cette, save that it is nowhere precipitous and bold, but rather flat and shelving. Still, flanked by the smooth glistening waters of the Sound, and in the light of an almost southern sky, it served well enough to recall to the dreamy vision of the railway traveller some of the blue gulfs and bays of the Mediterranean.

New Haven, though not the capital, is the largest city of the State of Connecticut, and has a population of upwards of 60,000. As the name suggests, it is a seaport, and it carries on a flourishing trade with the West Indies, and is the seat of many important manufactures. Its avenues are so handsomely planted with noble elm trees that it has got the name of the “city of elms;” and besides many fine streets and squares, it can boast of some remarkable public buildings.

Most people's minds have been exercised by the queer and insignificant titles given to American universities, such as the Johns Hopkins, Harvard, Yale, and so on, which do not possess even the meagre merit of conveying to a foreign understanding where the several institutions are. So one experiences a certain 121 feeling of satisfaction, if not of downright elation, when, in so vast an area as the United States, he unexpectedly stumbles upon a university. Such was the case here; and, so far as I am personally concerned, I seemed to myself to be entitled to some of the honours of a discoverer when I had found Yale.

The University occupies a prominent position in New Haven, and its various schools are attended by upwards of 1000 students. It is the largest and most important of all similar foundations in America, and it boasts the respectable antiquity of nearly two centuries,

having been founded in 1700. The Peabody Museum and the Gothic Library, which contains 170,000 volumes, are among the more remarkable of the University buildings.

Another conspicuous feature of New Haven is its churches, numbering one for about every thousand of the population, although in this respect it has no claim to be regarded as exceptional amongst New England cities. Everywhere is the Christian religion, in its various modern phases as firmly, because naturally and spontaneously, “established,” as was Roman Catholicism in France in the days o 122 Louis XIV. But the churches here fulfil an altogether different purpose to that of the Church in the realm of the Grand Monarque; and religious sentiment, which is powerful and universal in America, instead of expending itself in the futile and irritating discussion of dogma, is made to subserve works of practical benevolence and philanthropy. The churches themselves are not merely centres of religious thought and culture, but find a wider sphere of influence in organizing education and in promoting social intercourse among their members. So that, altogether apart from the particular forms of faith which they inculcate, we may regard them as the organ of that Spiritual Power resident in humanity, of which the Church of Rome was the ægis in turbulent medieval times: and in a country where there is no standing army and where Government is the perennial creation of an irresponsible majority, they may some day be found to be the last barrier between American society and the Deluge.

New Haven retains some curious associations with the House of Stuart. On the summit of West Rock (some 400 feet high) is a spot called 123 the Judge's Cave, because Goff and Whalley, two of the judges of Charles I., were secreted here for a time in 1661; and at the back of Centre Church is to be seen the grave of the regicide, John Dixwell. At Hartford, the capital, is displayed the charter granted to the colony by Charles II.

Even “to the passing stranger's gaze” Hartford is a town which produces a most agreeable impression, the richly-gilt cupola of its splendid State House glittering like the dome of the Invalides and diffusing its brilliancy over the entire city beneath. This State House, which occupies a commanding position, is built entirely of white marble, and is said to

have cost three million of dollars. The only other noteworthy circumstances about the capital of Connecticut are that it is the residence of Mark Twain and the site of Colt's arms manufactory; and a handsome Episcopalian church has been built by Mrs. Colt as a memorial to her husband and children.

At Worcester, which is a large city and the last stage on the road before reaching Boston, the train was invaded by a great concourse of Roman Catholic priests, who, as I afterwards 124 learned from the papers, had been in session here, electing a coadjutor bishop or some other important functionary of their Church. They were all of the familiar Irish type, large, burly, red-faced men, whose features were destitute of every trace of refinement and cultivation. At the same time their countenances wore none of the rollicking jovial expression which as a rule distinguishes their brethren of the Emerald Isle, but had assumed a gloomy saturnine cast, which must have been caught from the moral atmosphere of their adopted country.

Encountering them here, on the sacred soil of New England, in such force and with a swaggering air which betokened that they were very much at home, they seemed to me a discordant element in the scene, and I could not help asking myself what influence their Order is likely to exercise on the future development of America. They are *de facto* hostile to the most cherished and distinctive of the national ideas, as for example, secular education; and all their intrigues and tactics have been directed of late years to obtaining control of the public schools and establishing a denominational system.

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Here in Massachusetts they recently sustained a crushing defeat through the interposition of the female vote, which had temporarily fallen into disuse. But they are powerful elsewhere, particularly in Canada; and in every State of New England their distinctive institutions are established and ostentatiously displayed.

Indeed, it will be well worth while to pause here and endeavour to determine from authoritative sources the extent of the power and influence which their Church has attained in the United States. In point of mere numbers it claims to possess twelve millions, or about one-sixth of the entire population; and here in Boston, it is asserted that out of the 400,000 inhabitants of the city, 250,000 profess the Roman Catholic faith! (It may be noted, *en passant* , and, indeed, is not a little extraordinary that that faith has triumphed in the State of Massachusetts more than elsewhere.)

Such figures as the above certainly represent an astounding increase within the century that has elapsed since the Roman Catholic body in America was only a small sect exposed to the full measure of civil and political disabilities which attached to it in the Old Country. Its 126 improved *status* was brought about by a variety of unforeseen circumstances.

The adhesion of the clergy to the cause of the Revolution and the active participation of the laity in the war against England procured for her equal rights with other religious bodies. That was the first step. Then, the immense Irish immigration which followed on the famine in the middle of the present century added millions to her numbers; while successive contingents from various provinces of the German nation were hardly less effective in swelling her ranks—an accession, indeed, which had begun even in days antecedent to the Revolution.

But still more important perhaps than the mechanical acquisition of mere numbers was the fact that at its first settlement in Maryland by Lord Baltimore the Roman Catholic Church in America underwent a metamorphosis, from which it has never since emerged. It proclaimed within its own area the principles of civil and religious liberty, and, unlike contemporary Puritan sects, renounced intolerance and persecution. Thus it was fitted, by the peculiar circumstances of its birth, to fall into line with 127 those liberal principles which underlie the political constitution of the United States, and to become identified in spirit

with the country of its adoption. In other words, America has added to her other marvellous achievements that of completely Americanizing the Church of Rome!

Only last year its centenary was celebrated with great pomp and display at Baltimore; and it appears from the volume which commemorates that event, that the thirty missioners of 1790 are now represented by 8000 priests, 14 archbishops, and 73 suffragan bishops.

The progress of the Church has also no doubt been greatly favoured by the opportunist spirit which marks her public teaching, and still further serves to adapt the great religious organization to the democratic *milieu* in which it is placed. Wide as is the American continent, there is as yet no Lourdes or Parayle-Monial where the Virgin has deigned to appear; and, accordingly, in Cardinal Gibbons' “Faith of our Fathers,” a manual in its 200th edition, we find a significant silence maintained on the subject of relics and modern miracles. No doubt a pilgrimage to Kevlaar, with the 128 pious usages proper to the occasion, would be felt to be rather an anachronism more likely to offend than to conciliate the average Yankee conscience.

The attitude assumed, at least in outward profession, towards other creeds is also significant of the changes which the Church has undergone by being domiciled in a land of free institutions. Cardinal Gibbons, in the preface to “Our Christian Heritage,” published last year, thus expresses himself: “It does not aim at vindicating the claims of the Catholic Church as superior to those of the separated branches of Christianity. . . . It has nothing to say against any Christian denomination that still retains faith in at least the divine mission of Jesus Christ.”

Again, Archbishop Ireland, preaching at the Baltimore centenary, gave utterance to these remarkable statements: “The watchwords of the age are reason, education, liberty, the material improvement of the masses. Nor are these watchwords empty sounds, they represent solid realities for which the age deserves praise. . . . The strength of the Church to-day in all countries, particularly in America, is the 129 people. This is essentially the

age of democracy. The days of princes and of feudal lords are gone: monarchs hold their thrones to execute the will of the people. Woe to religion where this is not understood! He who holds the masses, reigns."

These deliberate expressions of opinion on a most important public occasion by the heads of the Church in America evince a pretty wide departure from the principles and practice of St. Dominic, backed as the latter are by the Bulls of successive infallible Popes. But, so far, the American bishops have always had the best of it in their conflicts with the Vatican; and it is now universally recognized that their Church asserts an independence more absolute than that which Bossuet claimed for the Gallican.

As regards worldly circumstances, the priests in the diocese of Boston are said to "have a good time," their small congregations of 1000 persons or thereabouts contributing liberally to their support; and if the priest, on a plea of delicate health, is thought to require a change to Europe, it is no uncommon thing for his parishioners to contribute "a purse" of several K 130 thousand dollars to defray his expenses abroad during a year or two.

By a system peculiar to America, there is a special favour shown to the clergy of all denominations in the matter of railway travelling, and they are allowed to have their tickets at a much cheaper rate than the general public.

"The shades of night were falling fast" as we approached the *quondam* home of the lamented author of Excelsior; and it was quite dark when the train reached Boston. But I had hardly emerged from the station when I became conscious of a difference between the city to which I had come and the city I had left. The carriages were of a superior order and the fares regulated by a strict tariff, so that I reached my hotel much more comfortably and cheaply than I should have done at New York.

At best, however, it is disappointing to enter a large city of which one hopes to obtain a favourable *coup d'œil* in the darkness of night and to traverse one unknown street after another under the guidance of an inaccessible driver, for from the interior of a closed

landau it is ordinarily impossible to hold communication 131 with him. At length the carriage seemed to disentangle itself from the perplexing labyrinth of streets and high houses, and to reach the confines of an open space above which one could see a wide expanse of sky with stars flickering here and there. In a moment more we were standing in front of the Hotel Vendôme, and by the brilliant light of a number of electric lamps the whole of its elaborately carved white marble façade was displayed to view.

Thus the first visual impression to which I had attained of the capital of Massachusetts was decidedly prepossessing, and proved to be no unfair index of the beautiful city which awaited me on the morrow.

Boston, as most people know, has an unhappy notoriety, even among American cities, for its ungenial and capricious climate; and there is a story of a Yankee who, when an Englishman made it a reproach to his country that she had no national air, exclaimed, “Well, then, what in the world has become of the east wind of Boston?”

It is by no means unusual for this air to be played at headquarters in the month of September; and I am acquainted with Americans K 2 132 who have been partially frostbitten in their native Boston at that comparatively early season. So, of course, though in the tepid atmosphere of the hotel, I retired not without some misgiving as to the kind of weather which might prevail during the next few days. But all doubts were dissipated with the dawn; and the brilliancy and warmth of the sun almost exceeded what I had seen and felt while at Niagara.

I had frequently [occasion to regret the paucity and meagreness of detail in American guide-books—compared at least with what one is accustomed to in the familiar pages of Murray—but, then, the vastness of the field is almost beyond the capacity of a single volume, like Appleton, to deal with. So, in this case, I was forced to make out a scheme of my own, which might be roughly described as divided between the suburbs and the town.

There is certainly no other city in America whose immediate surroundings are so full of interest and beauty as those of Boston. Cambridge, the seat of Harvard University, is distant about five miles, over an excellent carriage road and by a picturesque *route* . The town, or 133 village of Brookline—in reality an aggregation of handsome and costly villas scattered with their private grounds, flower gardens and gravelled walks over an extensive and beautiful park—is situated at about a similar distance. And the charming enclosure known as Chestnut Hill, which contains the extensive reservoirs which supply Boston with water, is quite unique in its way, and forms one of the most delightful drives to be found in the neighbourhood of any capital in the world.

Immediately after breakfast I engaged at the hotel a neat victoria drawn by two horses to go to Cambridge, and found my way there leisurely in about half an hour. Of course the University is the prime object of interest, though there are also historic residences and an ancient elm-tree to which the visitor is expected to extend his attentions. Under the boughs of the latter, it is well attested, Washington took command of the rebel forces in 1775, and one of the houses referred to was the residence of himself and his remarkably handsome wife, Martha Washington. There Mrs. Washington held her levees, gave dinner parties, and entertained the most distinguished 134 society of the time, Franklin having been once her guest.

On the termination of the revolutionary war the house was naturally much sought after, and passed into the hands of a succession of eminent owners. In 1837 it was acquired by the poet Longfellow, and still remains the property of his family; and to enhance the value of the estate, the public has purchased and converted into a park a tract of land on the opposite side of the Charles River, so as to perpetuate a view which the poet was fond of contemplating.

“Oft in sadness and in illness, I have watched thy current glide, Till the beauty of its stillness Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter, When I saw thy waters gleam, I have felt my heart beat lighter, And leap onward with thy stream."

Another house in Cambridge is also glorified by a halo of poetry—the residence of Mr. J. Russell Lowell; and from its interior issued the famous Biglow Papers of that versatile and accomplished author.

The University in its outward aspect is, at first sight, wofully disappointing, for the buildings of which it consists, instead of being 135 massed together in quadrangular form, as we are accustomed to see them at home, are scattered at wide intervals over an extensive area. As soon as we have realized the prevailing arrangement, however, the effect ceases to be displeasing; and the various halls or "dormitories," as they are called, standing amid acres of grass and surrounded by shady elms, have an inviting air of quiet and simplicity.

The stranger who for the first time visits America, with his mind under the full sway of European ideas, naturally thinks twice before entering a public building, particularly if it be of the University order, and looks anxiously round for the sanction of some one in authority. But as a rule nothing of the kind is required; the place is yours; and you may walk in and satisfy your curiosity even if it should lead you into one of the State departments at Washington. The "esta su casa" of the Spaniard applies literally to all public places, save of course certain museums and galleries where a fee is demanded.

The finest of all the Harvard buildings is the Memorial Hall, recently erected to commemorate those *alumni* of the University—and they were 136 many—who fell in the terrible conflict with the South. Within its walls "the storied urn and animated bust" preserve the names and gentle features of not a few of those youthful heroes, interspersed with numerous fine portraits of the early worthies of Boston, painted by Copley, Stuart and other renowned artists.

The principal apartment in the Memorial Hall is a noble refectory capable of accommodating 1000 guests; and when I timidly entered, the coloured servants who were engaged in laying the tables hardly noticed the intrusion. So I quickly began to feel at my ease and fell into the train of another party who were engaged in examining the beautiful works of art with which the room on all sides was liberally adorned. What most struck me during my brief survey was the extraordinary beauty of Copley's works, and of this I afterwards saw some still more notable examples in the Museum of Fine Arts.

Mount Auburn Cemetery, of which I have already spoken in a previous chapter, stands within a comparatively short distance of Cambridge, and thither accordingly I next directed my steps. It is approached through a handsome Gothic entrance, and as the gates stood invitingly

MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY To face page 136.

137 open, my coachman passed in unchallenged and drove for upwards of an hour through the midst of its beautiful grounds. Here again, as previously at the Memorial Hall, I realized the novel sensation of entering a public place without permission and enjoying it in my own way untrammelled by official escort or supervision. Herein undoubtedly lies one of the pleasures of American travel.

On the way back to Boston I was not a little surprised and amused to see what appeared to be a single railway carriage disporting itself in a somewhat erratic course over the common. This was really a short tram-car propelled by electricity acting through an overhead wire, which in the distance was completely invisible, and the effect of the elephantine object making a spurt over the level grass was grotesque if not actually comical.

Not knowing exactly the relations of our homeward route to Bunker Hill, I took counsel with the coachman—a respectable native of Jersey in the Channel Islands—as to the best line to pursue. His advice to me was to visit it on the road home, much to my regret, as the way

led over sundry railway lines and through 138 huge depôts—the American equivalent of bogs and fens—which caused delay and inconvenience, the fact being that the famous monument is much more readily accessible from Boston direct.

I suppose the spirit which animated the heroes of Bunker Hill had much in common with that which nerved the arm of the Greek at Marathon and Thermopylæ; and, so far, the scene of their exploits ought to move our sympathy and admiration. But I confess that, standing beneath the shadow of the lofty stone tower which commemorates their victory, I could not muster a tithe or tittle of that enthusiasm which spontaneously wells up in one's breast at sight of the spot,—

“Where baffled Persia's despot fled.”

To be sure, Bunker Hill was not one of the decisive battles of the world, nor was it fought for any nobler object than that of resisting an unjust tax. What gives the affair its chief interest is the reflection that it was the first in a train of events which raised a whole nation to an unparalleled height of freedom and prosperity; which shattered the ancient monarchy of France; and wrapped Europe from end to 139 end in flames which were extinguished only in the blood of Waterloo. So that the mound on which the British colonists “stood savagely at bay,” if it was not invested with the awful issues that hung over the Catalaunian fields, or the host of Charles Martel at Tours, bore no small part in determining the form assumed by civilization in the course of the present century.

Boston, somewhat after the fashion of New York, is built upon a spit of land surrounded on three sides by water, the Charles river separating it on the north from Charlestown where Bunker Hill is situated, that portion of the river between the two being crossed by five bridges. The famous and beautiful Common might be assumed roughly to represent the centre of the city—the business quarter lying to the east and south of it, the newer and more fashionable streets running to the west. The capital of Massachusetts has happily escaped the taint of monotony inflicted on New York by the dreary system of numerical

street nomenclature, and one rejoices to be once more free from the spectres of “Sixth Avenue,” “East 29th Street,” *et hoc genus omne* . Instead of the latter and so many others scarcely distinguishable from them, 140 we have here Commonwealth Avenue, Columbus Avenue, Shawmut Avenue, Beacon Street, Fremont Street, Washington Street, etc., etc.

Taken as a whole, Boston may be said to be the handsomest city of New England—its site, its symmetry of outline, its public buildings and its private residences each and all contributing to produce a harmonious and favourable impression. Nothing can be finer and more imposing in the way of street architecture than such thoroughfares as Beacon Street and Commonwealth Avenue, lined as they are with magnificent houses, some of which are said to have cost as much as 60,000 *l.*

Here, more than at New York, the fashion prevails of training Japanese ivy as well as other creepers over the fronts of the splendid mansions; and as this practice is very general in Beacon Street, it imparts to that beautiful quarter a highly picturesque and almost sylvan aspect.

America, unlike the fabled son of Eos, has received from the gods the gift of perpetual youth, but her dissatisfaction with the boon of the immortals is plainly seen in the exaggerated value which she attaches to every shred and 141 symbol of antiquity. This feeling accounts for the extraordinary interest which here invests the historic Common, the handsome, quaint old State House, old South Church, and the famous Faneuil Hall—another “cradle of liberty.”

Among the more recent additions to this centre of American culture and refinement is the Museum of Fine Arts, which, though not extensive, or at all on the scale of the Central Museum at New York, will amply repay the trouble of a visit. It contains some good examples of French painters—Millet, Troyon, and others; but its unique treasure is a splendid Copley, representing the artist and his family. Andrea del Sarto never painted his beloved Lucretia as the centre of a Holy Family with more evident *entrain* than the

American artist displays in this superb work. The only difference is that his father-in-law, Mr. North, forms the principal figure—takes, as it were, the place of the Madonna—and has had lavished upon his portrait all the force and skill which the artist of the renaissance was wont to concentrate in the likeness of the Blessed Virgin. The effect is most striking, and creates an impression on the beholder never to be obliterated. Mrs. 142 Copley is a tall, elegant Gainsborough-like lady, painted a little in shadow and out of the *premier plan* , while full in the foreground stands a beautiful child of between three and four years, the future pillar of state and veteran of the British parliament, Lord Lyndhurst. Altogether, the picture combines in an unwonted degree every circumstance of elevated conception, skilful arrangement, dramatic incident and perfect *technique* which can possibly be desired in such a composition, and raises immeasurably one's estimate of the genius of the American painter.

Another object, though belonging to a wholly different order of art, which startled and arrested my attention, was a fine Etruscan sarcophagus, quite worthy to occupy a place in the incomparable museum of that name in Florence. On the cover were carved in very high relief a male and a female figure, each of full length, not supine as in our cathedral monuments, but reclining on the side and face to face.

The *contours* of the features were quite distinct and showed the man to be of about twenty-five, the woman of eighteen or twenty years of 143 age; and whatever their far-off history may have been, an infinite pathos was expressed in the attitudes given to them by the sculptor of the group—the left hand of the husband extending under and partly around his wife's neck, while her left arm was made to rest tenderly on his right shoulder. One could not help thinking how much more humane and touching and beautiful was the last representation of this “noble Lucumo” and his spouse, than those of the mail-clad Christian knights and their ladies portrayed in our medieval churches.

Either wilfully or by mistake, the clerk in the hall of the Vendôme gave me return tickets to New York, by a route different from that which I had intended to take, with the result of

inflicting upon me a tedious and uninteresting journey. Even the “chair car” was a failure, that which properly belonged to the train having broken down on the previous day, and been replaced at the last moment by one borrowed from another company. This was not only dirty, but in several other respects sadly out of order; and its defects were pleaded by the officials as an excuse for the absence of a restaurant and refreshments.

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At New London, or Groton, the train is carried on a huge barge over a wide arm of the sea, and at the point of transit it was possible to obtain some luncheon. A certain proportion of hungry passengers, of whom I was one, started for the refreshment-room situated on the top floor of a vast straggling building, and approached by a rough wooden staircase and a long gallery. It is such places as these that have engrafted on the Yankee his extraordinary capacity for rapid eating, and to some extent his general faculty of despatch. Not a moment was to be lost; and the contents of the buffet seemed to vanish as in a whirlwind. Some precious instants elapsed before my entreaties—I may almost say my endearments—sufficed to touch the sympathies of a youthful Hebe, who at length responded with a plateful of hot roast beef, in which I could not help tracing a certain resemblance to her own glowing cheeks. “Ten minutes yet before the train leaves the depôt,” shouted the landlord in reassuring tones—the depôt being on the other side of the water; but the words had hardly escaped his lips when they were dissipated by a trumpet blast outside, in obedience to which we all ran 145 like the herd of Gadarene swine down a steep place into the sea. I had really some difficulty in regaining the train, which had got mixed up at the junction with two or three others, and I was obliged to walk through an endless succession of carriages, before I caught sight of the homely old lady who served as my landmark in the drawing-room car. She was of a bilious complexion, and of a severe taciturn manner, in conformity with her avowed purpose of attending some sectarian gathering in New York. Not that she vouchsafed a word or even a look to me; but she had indulged in no slight *épanchements du cæur* with a young clergyman who came to see her

off, and sat upon the arm of her chair during a small half-hour before the train left Boston. From their mutual confidences, I could not help gathering the fact just stated.

Before leaving England I had made application to my banker for a supply of those circular notes with which I had been accustomed to travel on the Continent; but I was persuaded to take, instead, a letter of credit on the banker's correspondent in New York. This I found to be extremely inconvenient; as in L 146 order to obtain money upon it, it is necessary to go to the agent's office, which in such a city as New York involves no small amount of trouble and serious waste of time. Moreover, if one should happen to apply, as I did, after twelve o'clock on Saturday, he would learn to his discomfiture that the institution of the half-holiday is not confined to England.

CHAPTER VI. NEW YORK TO PHILADELPHIA.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd, On Doric columns of white marble rear'd, Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold, And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.

Pope.

AMERICANS are very proud of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which enjoys an acknowledged pre-eminence for its able management, the immense extent of its operations, the speed of its express trains, the excellence of the road, and its comparative freedom from accidents. It bears in fact an irreproachable character, which no one would think of contesting. So I fully expected that my contemplated excursion to Philadelphia and Washington would be a pleasure trip in the best sense of the term, notwithstanding the “ *premier pas* ,” which L 2 148 here as elsewhere is attended with the proverbial inconvenience. This arises chiefly from the circumstance that the Pennsylvania R. R. does not possess a station in New York, and that its terminus is situated in Jersey City, on the opposite shore of the Hudson river.

Of course the complete stranger with a certain equipment of travelling gear—for in America in October it is prudent to be provided with changes of clothing—has no other resource for reaching his destination than a cab, and it is a pretty long way from the Windsor Hotel to the Ferry, about as long and tedious, indeed, as that well-known drive from the fashionable quarters of Paris to the Gare de Lyon. By the advice of friends I took the cab with me, and crossed the river seated comfortably in it on the deck of the barge, flanked on either side by brewers' drays, cart-horses, and motley groups of people of the working class.

As the Hudson here is broad and rapid, and the traffic in all directions considerable, the place would appear to be a fruitful ground for accidents; and I could not forbear from speculating on my peculiar fate in case a collision should occur. *Solvitur ambulando* , 149 however, and before I could decide on the respective parts likely to be played by the barge, the horse and cab, and my numerous fellow-passengers, in case of immersion in the river, we had reached the Jersey shore. A few yards brought us to the terminus where an obsequious negro took charge of my luggage and handed me “checks” in exchange; while I, untrammelled by any *impedimenta* , proceeded to buy a return ticket and the extra ticket required for the drawing-room car.

The train had hardly quitted the depôt at New Jersey, when something seemed to awaken in my ears the jingle of one of Longfellow's poems,—

“In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow lands,”—

for such is exactly the character of the country which the train traverses as far as Newark —a flat alluvial soil, notorious in the season for the number and aggressiveness of its mosquitoes. Indeed the vegetation of the whole tract was rather suggestive of a swamp that had been drained and brought under cultivation.

However, the interest of the route is derived far less from the character of the landscape, 150 than from the fact that we are here fairly launched upon one principal division of the great American railroad system—in itself one of the most stupendous developments of the modern industrial era. Half a century since America possessed in all about 1000 miles of rail— *now* her railroads would suffice to run six times round the globe, and the bridges which they include, if placed continuously, would span the Atlantic Ocean from New York to Liverpool. The Pennsylvania lines alone employ 75,000 persons, and the annual income derived from them reaches the almost incredible sum of eighteen millions sterling!

So we need not feel surprised when American writers tell us that “the world of to-day differs from that of Napoleon Bonaparte more than his world differed from that of Julius Caesar; and this change has been made by railways.” Nor can we regard it as a vain and impious boast that “the world was born again with the building of the first locomotive and the laying of the first level iron roadway.” It is even furthermore claimed for American railways that “they have nearly abolished landlordism in Ireland, and that they will one day 151 abolish it in England, and over the continent of Europe.”1

1 For the above and subsequent quotations, see “The Railways of America.” London, John Murray, 1890.

Indeed, it is not a little curious to observe the modifications undergone by various products of European civilization when transplanted to the fresh soil of the American continent and left to their own free development. Thus, in America, money was not forthcoming to build railways in almost straight lines as in England, and the consequence was the early invention of the “swivel truck,” which enabled a train to follow curves and double projections where, without its aid, the construction of costly tunnels would have been indispensable.

“Yes,” the reader may exclaim, “we know that American railroads have been laid much more cheaply than ours, and hence the frequent accidents in that country with the reports

of which we are continually startled." To which American authorities would reply, "Not at all: it is proved, on the contrary, by the most trustworthy statistics that an individual may travel on American lines day and night, steadily at the rate of thirty miles an hour for 194 years 152 without being killed." As they say themselves, "To do anything safer you must walk."2

2 "The Railways of America."

The argument from statistics is at first sight plausible, but it probably conceals a fallacy, and in spite of it I am persuaded that railway travelling in the United States is attended with greater *liability* to accidents than in any other country in the world. The ingredients in this liability are the complexity of the system of management, the general spirit of recklessness prevalent among the *employés* , and the insecurity of the permanent way. Any one who takes the trouble to acquaint himself with the duties of a train despatcher will not be surprised to learn that that unfortunate functionary is subject to a form of mental derangement, which has received the name of "heterophemy." This term has been devised by the railway authorities themselves to designate a condition more or less prevalent, and is defined to be "thinking one thing, while saying, hearing, or reading another." It is really only a fine name to express the confusion of thought which takes place in the mind of an overworked official, and practically results in his sometimes 153 sending two trains to meet at full speed on a single line of rails.

Shortly before the time of my visit to the States a formidable railway disaster was brought about in the following way. One of the most stringent rules in force on all lines is against the admission of any second person into a signal box; but in the instance referred to, the operator had taken in a lad for the purpose of giving him practical instruction in railway telegraphy. After a term of probation, the pupil essayed to read off a message, and in doing so left out the important word "not." A goods train which was forbidden to go south was immediately despatched in that direction and an accident ensued which was attended with serious loss of life.

Indeed, the great work from which I have been quoting admits that “in ordinary traffic it is never certain that the line is clear,” and that “there is constant danger on most roads of running off the track at misplaced switches, many switches being located at points where the runner (*anglicé* engine-driver) can see them only a few seconds before he is upon them.” Of the latter form of accident, or one closely 154 allied to it, I had a most unpleasant experience before the termination of my journey.

However, on the present occasion, our train safely reached its destination; and shortly before entering the terminus halted on a bridge which here crosses the Schuylkill (pronounced school-kill), and from the carriage windows one looked down upon the very pretty zoological gardens which occupy this corner of Fairmount Park. The prospect created that agreeable first impression so acceptable in a new place which nothing that I subsequently saw tended in the least to diminish.

Philadelphia is the only city in the Union whose name is compounded of two Greek words, and the style of her public buildings renders her in some measure not unworthy so honourable an association. The United States Custom House is modelled after the Parthenon at Athens; the Mint is a very pretty building of white marble furnished with a graceful portico in the Ionic order, and said likewise to be of Attic *provenance* . Girard college reminds one of the principal temple at Paestum, save that its columns are Corinthian instead of Doric; and surpassing all competitors in magnitude and 155 richness of architectural decoration are the “New Public Buildings” now approaching completion.

When taking my departure from the Windsor at New York, I made inquiries of the principal clerk as to which was the best hotel in Philadelphia, and learned from him that it was not *étiquette* to recommend one hotel in a place in preference to others. So I was forced to fall back on such slender renseignments as were offered by the pages of Appleton—a mere dry enumeration of a dozen houses—and chose the first in order, the Continental. Herein I had reason to consider myself fortunate, for at dinner in the evening I met Mr. P. B. du Chaillu (with whom I was previously acquainted in London), and he at once with the

greatest good nature offered to introduce me to his friend, Mr. G. W. Childs. It ought to be needless to say that Mr. Childs is not only a leading citizen of Philadelphia, but that his name is familiarly known throughout America as one of the most philanthropic and public-spirited of her sons. He has also no small claim to the affectionate regard of Englishmen, who are indebted to his liberality for costly and tasteful memorials to our chief 156 national poets—Shakespeare, Milton, Cowper, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, and others.

Some of the distinctive peculiarities of American Hotels, which of themselves reflect no small part of American life, are to be met with in the halls of those establishments. The hall of the Continental for instance is immense, and to the stranger who enters it for the first time presents a very singular appearance. Its marble floor is as long as the nave of an average London church, and immediately suggests its suitability for a promenade in bad weather. But on casting one's eyes around it gives the idea of a market-place or bazaar. At one end is an imposing chemist's shop called “Saratoga At Home,” which announces itself to be open day and night for the sale of mineral waters, medicines and the usual effervescing “drinks,” flavoured with spirituous tinctures *à volonté* . Opposite to this is an office in which a young lady volunteers to take down in shorthand any letter you may dictate to her and afterwards copy it with a type-writer—a reversion as will be seen to the primitive scribe of Italian and Spanish towns. A little further on is the indispensable stall for cigars, cigarettes and other 157 associated forms; while facing it is an extensive counter appropriated to the sale of newspapers, magazines, guide books, stationery and its various adjuncts. That important functionary, the telegraph clerk, occupies a semicircular enclosure set against the wall; and then there are the bureau, the elevator, the smoking-room, the writing-room, the billiard-room, the bar, and an extensive restaurant in which luncheons, dinners, “snacks,” and other varieties of refreshment are sold to casual customers. The hall is also the scene of much talk and traffic, and, like the Greek agora, is frequented only by men, American ladies affecting considerable reserve in certain unexpected ways, and claiming to have a special entrance into the hotels where they put up.

On the first floor is situated the *salle à manger* proper, in which the guests of the hotel take their meals at separate tables, capable of accommodating from four to eight or ten persons each. This too is an enormous apartment, and I thought I discovered in its great size one reason at least why the coloured servants have adopted the system so often commented on, of placing before you at the same moment the several courses of which your dinner or breakfast 158 may happen to consist. The kitchen is situated—with perhaps a passage intervening—on the same floor as the dining-room, and considering the immense proportions of the latter, it is an obvious economy of labour to bring in your soup, fish, entrée, joint, vegetables and cheese all together, instead of separately. The practice, I need hardly add, is little conducive to one's comfort, and wholly fatal to such slender Epicurean delights as are wont to wait on an American dinner.

At noon the following day I met M. du Chaillu by appointment, and we went together to the Public Ledger Office to call upon Mr. Childs. The latter received me with the perfect urbanity for which he is distinguished, introduced me to some of his colleagues—one of whom is the well-known correspondent of the *Times* —and afterwards entertained me with much agreeable conversation. Standing here on the threshold of the American continent, owner of the most influential journal in the States, renowned alike for benevolence and hospitality, his house has been the rendezvous of all the most eminent Europeans who in recent years have crossed the Atlantic.

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Mr. Childs's private room in which we sat is a museum whose curious and varied contents it would require a catalogue to enumerate. Amongst them I noticed more particularly an exquisite miniature of Washington; the harp on which the poet Moore was wont to accompany himself when he sang his Irish melodies; a portrait and other relics of Dickens; a likeness of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt painted by herself; and numerous souvenirs of Mr. Childs's intimate friend the late General Grant. Conspicuous also among other treasures was a striking portrait of Count Rochambeau, the present representative of the family of

Louis XVIth's historic ambassador to the Republic—a tribute to Mr. Childs's patriotic action in having secured the Rochambeau Papers for the State.

It is almost *de rigueur* for the English visitor to Philadelphia to pay his respects to the United States Mint, in order, as it would seem, that he may witness the national opulence in dollars, and realize the state of things which prevailed at Jerusalem in the days of King Solomon when “silver was not anything accounted of.” As we watched the precious metal in all stages of its progress from the solid 160 ingot, in shape like a bar of household soap, to the new and glittering coin, and followed the successive operations of rolling, cutting, coining, weighing, milling and counting which it undergoes, we began to grow somewhat weary of so many infallible machines, and to pity the poor women who sit or stand by them with downcast eyes, “still as a slave before his lord.”

It was with quite other feelings that I betook myself to the “Cabinet” situated on an upper floor and devoted, as its name indicates, to an admirable collection of ancient coins and medals. Among the coins were to be seen Persian darics and pieces bearing the image of Alexander the Great, numerous examples of Greek and Roman money as well as of the money of Egypt, Syria and Judea. The latter were represented by one of the earliest coins struck at Jerusalem, a silver shekel of Simon Maccabæus, year 2, i.e. 141, or perhaps 137 B.C., not 145 B.C. as stated in the official catalogue.

But what chiefly interested me was a coin of Attalus Philadelphus set apart in a special little cabinet of its own and regarded with marked *affection* by Americans, because it traces its descent from their eponymous city, Philadelphia in 161 Lydia. They say, indeed, that Penn adopted that name for the capital of Pennsylvania, as expressive of the “brotherly love” which subsisted between Eumenes and his more famous brother.

The case in which this coin is enclosed bears the following superscription—“The Temple Sweepers,” “Struck in the Philadelphia Mint at least two thousand years ago”—which, to say the least, must perplex a large proportion of those who read it.

This epithet— *Neokoros* —was applicable to a certain number of cities in Asia Minor, and though in its primitive and etymological sense it means simply “temple-sweeper,” it subsequently grew to be a title of high honour, so much so that in the days of the Empire it was never granted to a community except by the authority of the head of the State.

It is the word employed in the New Testament, when the town clerk of Ephesus3 demands of the turbulent populace, “What man is there M

3 Curiously, the cities of the seven Churches conspicuous for their early adoption of the Christian rite were all *Neokoroi*, and it is probably owing to that circumstance that their religious zeal was kept alive and burned with so much intensity.

162 that knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is a *worshipper* of the great goddess Diana?” which in the revised version is more properly rendered “a *temple-keeper* of the great goddess Diana.”

The compiler of the catalogue could not forego the opportunity which this coin affords of singing a pæan in praise of American Institutions. “On one side,” he says, “we have a head; not a king's nor an emperor's; as yet the free city had a pride and a privilege *above* that. It is a female head, an ideal, representing the city itself, or rather the dwellers in it, the *Demos* . Here in this head and title we have the radix of Democracy.”

The *naïveté* of this is charming; for, according to all analogy, the head is that of a Bacchante, Attalus having founded the city as a mart for the great wine-producing region in the midst of which it stood; and of course it continued to be under the dominion of the Attali until the kingdom of Pergamon became the heritage of Rome.

One is naturally led to assume that the word “Pennsylvania,” was the invention of Penn himself, and was intended to perpetuate his 163 own name in graceful combination with the sylvan features of the district he had colonized. But such is not the case. From one of his letters to his friend Robert Turner, we learn that the name was proposed by Charles

II., and was meant not in compliment to the Quaker himself, but to his father, Admiral Sir William Penn, who had taken an active part in restoring the merry monarch to his throne. In fact, Penn had chosen the prosaic and by no means original title, “New Wales” to designate his infant settlement beyond the Atlantic, but, of course, accepted instead that which had been suggested by so illustrious a godfather.4

4 “After many waitings, watchings, solicitings, and disputes in Council, this day my country was confirmed to me under the Great Seal of England, with large powers and privileges, under the name of Pennsilvania, a name the King would have given in honour of my father. I chose New Wales, being as this a pretty hilly country.”

Penn To Robert Turner. March 5, 1681.

“Winsor's History,” vol. iii., p. 477.

Penn sailed in August, 1682, with a large party of Quaker emigrants, chiefly Welsh; but a year previously he had been preceded by his deputy-governor and kinsman, Markham, M 2 164 and three commissioners. It is clear therefore that he was not the Æneas of the expedition, for when he arrived the site of Philadelphia had been already selected, and a house which is still preserved in its integrity built for his reception. In fact, Nature seems to have designated the locality lying between the Delaware and the Schuylkill—

“A spacious plain outstretch'd in circuit wide”—

as eminently suited to be the foundation of a great city. Some 500 Swedes had already formed a settlement on the banks of the former river, and have left a memorial of their presence in the curious old church which still survives among the cherished relics of a brief past.

The citizens of Philadelphia, like those of Boston and New York, when appropriating the ample territory at their command, have not been oblivious of the claims of recreation and

health. But Fairmount Park greatly exceeds in extent and natural beauty the corresponding adjuncts of the other two cities. While Central Park is thoroughly artificial and almost surrounded by streets and houses, that of Philadelphia lies 165 completely outside the inhabited boundaries, and one has no sooner quitted the elegant mansions of Spring Gardens, close to its gates, than he plunges at once into the most pronounced rural scenery. The beautiful Schuylkill river, which flows right through its centre, recalls the

“Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque”

of a more slender and poetic stream. But while the fetid exhalations and refuse of a paper-mill are allowed to pollute the waters of the Sorgues and taint the surrounding air, the authorities of Philadelphia have bought up all existing manufactories and will jealously exclude them in future from the confines of their park. This and other instances—notably that of Niagara—serve to show that in his corporate capacity at any rate, the American is more public-spirited and less mercenary than the Frenchman; and if the former were fortunate enough to possess on his soil such a treasure as the Fountain at Vaucluse, one can imagine what tender care would be bestowed in embellishing its precincts and protecting them from the inroads of tramps and beggars. As those who have had the happiness to visit Petrarch's immortal retreat know too 166 well, the path leading to it from the village of Vaucluse is scarcely practicable for ladies, and never receives the slightest repair, or attention, from the commune or from private individuals. Narrow and broken as it is, it is ranged by bands of clamorous photograph-sellers and obtrusive mendicants, while at one point the way is positively choked by bales of loathsome rags carried thither for the service of the paper mill.5

5 This miserable building, the interest in which might probably be acquired for a few thousand francs, is said to occupy the very site of Petrarch's dwelling; while not far off a handsome mediaeval church stands over the last resting-place of St. Veran!

At the further extremity of Fairmount Park and continuous with it is the wild and romantic dell known by the Indian name of Wissahickon—a deep narrow gorge clothed on either side with woods and traversed at its base by the Wissahickon river. Its shady recesses and cool murmuring stream are much sought after in summer by the Philadelphians, but the place seems to be more especially consecrated to the use of wedding and picnic parties. To the former its secluded mazes and Arcadian bowers may suggest those pristine joys which imagination still fondly associates with the matrimonial 167 tie: while to the latter “catfish and waffles,” the *pièces de résistance* offered by the surrounding restaurants, probably represent the less equivocal ingredients of human happiness.

It is impossible to take leave of Philadelphia without once again recurring to the magnificent pile known by the name of the Public or Municipal Buildings. It rises from the centre of Broad Street (one of the principal thoroughfares, which runs right through the city, from the Delaware to the Schuylkill) and therefore possesses all the advantages to be derived from an incomparable site. The four façades which it presents to view are of white marble richly ornamented with Corinthian pilasters and other sculpture of classical design. The style as a whole is not easy to define architecturally, but may be described as Palladian with a strong feeling of French Renaissance.

By the kindness of the distinguished architect, Mr. MacArthur, I was conducted through the greater part of the interior, which consists of a vast number of Public Offices devoted to the use of the Municipality, the Magistracy, the Police and other bodies—all most elegantly furnished and provided with the endless modern 168 appliances for promoting economy of time and labour. Adjoining the Police Court is a moderate sized prison for the detention of those criminals who are taken up overnight, and require to be brought before the magistrate the next morning. In its aspect there was nothing cell-like, none of the traditional gloom of the dungeon; but on the contrary it was bright and clean and open to view, so that one felt sure no unfortunate could be left there to perish of cold or apoplexy unobserved.

By means of the universal elevator I was rapidly transported to the topmost floor, where I was admitted to the *ateliers* in which plaster models are being finished, by Italian workmen, of a gigantic figure of Penn and of four symbolical groups by which it will be supported. Penn's statue in bronze is intended to form the finial of the building, and will stand upon the summit of the main tower, which is 537 feet in height; so that though of truly Brobdingnagian proportions, it will, when seen from the ground, appear to be of only natural size.

Before quitting Philadelphia I put into practice a rule which I have invariably followed when travelling of late years on the Continent, and telegraphed to the Arlington at Washington 169 for a bedroom. To my astonishment, a reply came back that the hotel (which is the best in the place) was full; but my correspondent obligingly added, “Remain where you are; will let you know when a vacancy occurs.”

This wholly unexpected state of things at the capital was explained by the fact that the city was occupied in force by an army of Knights Templar, some 23,000 in number, to say nothing of the wives and daughters of the host. It is the custom of this ancient association, which is established far and wide throughout the United States, to meet triennially at one of the principal cities; and, of course, Washington proved an exceptionally attractive centre. It was quite astonishing to learn what distances had been traversed by the majority of the members in reaching their rendezvous from north, south, east and west. I met an elderly gentleman from San Francisco, who had not left his own city since the memorable era of '49 until he undertook this pilgrimage to the Mecca of Americans. He was an admirable illustration of Goldsmith's line—

“Our first best country ever is at home,”

for he was incessantly contrasting the products 170 of California, which range from perpetual flowers to perpetual snow, with what he deemed to be the rigour and poverty of the central and Eastern States. He was wont too to dwell complacently on those early

days—“dolce tempo della prima etade”—when sects and ministers were alike unknown in San Francisco, and a reign of universal harmony prevailed in their stead. “They sent us religion,” he used to say, “to make us hate one another,”—a singular testimony to the zeal of the American church.

Of course so vast an assemblage could not be brought together from such wide distances for a mere week's recreation, except by the aid of the ubiquitous railway; and special arrangements were in force on all lines throughout the country for the conveyance of the Knights to and from their principal destination. I said to one of the officers, “Your Society is, I presume, identical with that of the Freemasons in England?” “Oh, just the same,” he answered. “But,” I replied, “the Freemasons are notorious for excluding the fair sex from their proceedings.” “Ah,” he jocularly rejoined, “we bring the ladies along just to make the 171 thing go off well,”—a naïve admission of which my informant need not have felt ashamed, seeing that the final cause of ladies being “brought along” everywhere is to make the thing go off well.

The afternoon train by which I left Philadelphia did not reach Washington till seven o'clock —too late to allow one to catch sight of the approaches to the city. But as far as Baltimore we had enjoyed not only daylight, but an autumnal clearness of atmosphere and a warmth of colour from the glowing sunshine which imparted to the Pennsylvanian landscape an aspect of great attractiveness. On it were impressed the traits of 200 years of colonization, wanting which it would have looked hardly less dismal than the interior of an African forest; but the background of the picture had been “painted o'er with Nature's hand, not Art's,” as Cowley says, and presented at intervals the most lovely stretches of broad rivers and woods which it made one's eyes ache to lose as the train sped remorselessly forward. And these Arcadian prospects had been for unnumbered centuries handed over to “the squalid savage,” whose untutored faculties, we may fairly 172 assume, were little sensible of their striking beauty.

The nearly total obliteration suffered by that primitive race is attributed by many to the greed and wanton cruelty of the white settlers; but it is paralleled by a very curious fact in the domain of Natural History.

At a certain geological era America, both North and South, was overrun by a breed of small wild horses which subsequently became quite extinct; so that at the period of the Spanish conquest, as is generally known, not an animal of the equine species was to be found upon either continent.

And again, since the re-introduction of the horse by the Spaniards at the close of the fifteenth century the breed has multiplied enormously, and now extends far and wide over the vast pampas of South America.

I may here relate an incident which will serve to illustrate two points often canvassed in connection with America—the manners in vogue with conductors of express trains, and the honesty prevailing among hotel-servants. While *en route* to Washington I discovered that I had left behind in my room in the Continental 173 a valuable pocket-knife, and I immediately took counsel with the conductor as to what was to be done. He entered into the matter with the utmost readiness, provided me with a telegram form, and when I had written the message, despatched it himself from the first station we came to, Wilmington. When I reached New York many days after, I found the missing article awaiting me with my letters at the Windsor.

CHAPTER VII. WASHINGTON.

Huge cities and high tower'd, that well might seem The seats of mightiest monarchs.

Milton.

WHEN you pass through the depôt, turn to the right, and you will find the Arlington coach," were the parting words addressed to me by our obliging conductor, and, following his

instructions, I was soon seated in the conveyance thus indicated, which differed however in no respect from the hotel omnibus of every-day life.

The first intimation I had of the actual state of affairs at Washington I received from a “lady” (jampridem vera vocabula rerum amisimus), who was my solitary fellow-passenger, seated opposite to me at the remote end of the coach. “Washington is full,” she remarked. 175 “Oh, indeed,” I observed, and at the same time inquired what might be the occasion of this sudden repletion.

“Have you not seen the review?” she said.

“No,” I replied, “I have only just come from Philadelphia.”

“Well, then,” she continued, “you have just missed a grand sight. It took them four hours to march past; and it's a thing impossible to move anywhere on the side-walks” (anglicé pavement).

Her speech was a full-bodied American (never so nasal in the female as in the male), but her voice sounded refined and pleasing; and I was not a little surprised to discover at a further stage of our progress that she was the wife of the conductor of the omnibus, *alias* coach! Surely, no woman of her class in England would venture thus to *entamer* a conversation with a stranger whom, to say the least, she must have recognized as belonging to a higher social position than her own. But the political atmosphere of America has singularly favoured in persons of her humble station the growth of feelings of confidence and self-esteem; and, as Dr. Johnson derisively proposed 176 to the radical Mrs. Macaulay, they have “levelled up.” Indeed, class distinctions have almost totally disappeared—or survived only within the narrow area of “society” proper; while in the “street car,” the railway, the hotel and all other centres of public resort the uniform equality of persons has become the universal canon of conduct.

Of this I had a remarkable illustration while staying at the Arlington. I was dining with one of the Secretaries of State, a gentleman of charming manners and of marked refinement and good breeding, to say nothing of a strikingly handsome and distinguished presence. Just as we had finished dinner, a young man whose face had become familiar to me in the bureau of the hotel, where he acted as clerk or book-keeper, advanced to our table, accosted my *vis-a-vis* in a free and easy tone as “Mr. Secretary,” shook him effusively by the hand, and made the usual inquiries after his health. The high State Official did not resent, or seem to feel in the least, what to me had all the appearance of a vulgar intrusion. On the contrary, he rose politely from his seat and reciprocated the proffered greeting with a 177 cordiality which could not be distinguished from an act of spontaneous and genuine feeling. Here again, methought, was enacted the story of Metternich preserving his dignity, not in the presence of the conqueror Napoleon, but before a more jealous and exacting tyrant, the sovereign people.

To the capital of the United States one might not inaptly apply the line from “Julius Cæsar”—

“Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough”;

for the city, having been a preconcerted affair, was planned on an inordinate scale; and the distances between its principal points would be heart-breaking if they were not tempered by excellent wide roadways, for the most part laid with asphalte. Soon after our “coach” had quitted the depôt, the conductor felt called upon to act the part of *chaperon* and naturally seated himself inside; while either the presence of a *terzo incomodo* , or the rattling of the vehicle, subdued to silence the loquacity of his spouse. Again and again I expected we should stop, until the remoteness of the Arlington seemed to be prolonged to Jules Vernean proportions. When at length the horses were abruptly made to N 178 effect that characteristic movement which brings the omnibus to right angles with the pavement, I beheld on the steps in front of the hotel a crowd of people ranged like the chorus at a Handel Festival, and exhibiting all the self-satisfied airs of the *beati possedentes* . With

the aid of a negro porter and an open telegram held in my hand, I insinuated rather than elbowed my way to the bureau, and was soon after committed to the elevator *en route* to the third floor. There I took possession of an indifferent room, and having effected a summary toilet, descended to the immense apartment in which suppers were served. The crowd was omnipresent—on the staircases, in the corridors, at table; many of the negro waiters shuffled about, lame from excess of work; and I sat down with the gloomiest forebodings as to what I should get to eat.

But the negro, even when most *abimé* , is amenable to the influence of the universal dollar or even to that minute portion of it represented by half a dime, the glint of which will catch his eye with the rapidity of a heliographic signal. By such talismanic means I secured an attendant; and though his visits were few and far between, yet I somehow contrived to eke out a 179 meal, which I found it necessary to supplement with the sage reflection of Touchstone, “Travellers must be content.”

The next morning I incurred considerable trouble in obtaining a carriage, as nearly every vehicle in the district of Columbia had been requisitioned by the all-powerful Knights. Happily they preferred to take their pleasures gregariously, so that I was left with the undisputed right of succession to a solitary *coupé* , which in the literal, as well as in the American slang sense of the term, was a truly “one-horse” affair. It was driven by a negro, who, to my no small surprise and amusement, addressed me by name, and introduced himself as a member of the Baptist community, just as I daresay, at Constantinople in the sixth century, a public charioteer might have announced himself as a Monophysite. He little guessed how faint was my appreciation of the difference between his and the innumerable other sects which swarm on the American continent and lie down lamblike with the old Roman Catholic lion,

“That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning prey.”

I told him to drive to the Capitol, and while N 2 180 *en route* thither, I had an admirable opportunity of seeing and admiring the fine handsome streets, the public buildings, the government offices, and the hotels and shops all glorified with bunting, and suffused with the most brilliant sunlight. What a change since the dawn of the present century, when Mrs. Abigail Adams, wife of the second President of the republic, wrote to one of her friends an amusing sketch of Washington and of life at the White House. It must be prefaced that the city had hardly emerged from chaos when the President, his ministers, Congress, and the whole staff of the administration came to take up their abode at the newly constituted capital.

The White House was as yet only “a huge unfinished barrack, with rooms hardly furnished, no bells, and no enclosing wall.” In winter they are frozen with cold, but the President can find no one who would consent to cut firewood in the adjoining forest. Mrs. Adams writes to one of her friends:

“I arrived at Washington last Sunday. After quitting Baltimore we got lost in the woods and travelled eight or nine miles in the direction of Frederickburg, I believe. However it was, we 181 were obliged to retrace our steps for some eight miles, and even this time we did not succeed in hitting *the path* , but had to wander about for two hours until we met with a guide. However, here I am at last, after no little trouble, in this town which scarcely deserves the name of one.”

Governor Morris writes about the same time:

“We are in want of nothing here except houses, cellars, kitchens, pleasant people, agreeable women, and a few other trifling details.”

The *coup d'œil* afforded by the principal façade of the Capitol is very fine, and although unlike St. Peter's architecturally, yet the combination of its lofty dome and numerous white marble columns, somehow awakens in the beholder a similar impression of majesty and

grandeur. Certainly any apprehension of insignificance or inadequacy that might have entered the mind beforehand is dissipated at a glance; our sympathies are irresistibly captured; our æsthetic sense is gratified, and we proceed to a survey of the imposing pile with an agreeable consciousness of the rising tide of perfect enjoyment.

It owes this effect, in part at least, to its 182 elevated site on the summit of a hill about 100 feet high; in part to its mantle of luminous ether, and to the bright sunshine which crowned it as with an aureole; and also to the immense surrounding space in the midst of which it sits enthroned. The latter circumstance, indeed, seemed aptly to symbolize the vast territory over which it sways the sceptre.

As a whole, however, the Capitol suffers from one unfortunate and ineradicable fault, which detracts considerably from the full effect its proportions would otherwise produce. Its designers, assuming that the future city would arise to the eastward, very properly built the Capitol so as to look in that direction, but by one of those inscrutable caprices of the gods which perpetually mock at human foresight, Washington took root on the other side and has left the space in front of the Capitol a vast, irreparable blank.

On ascending the lofty flights of stone steps which lead to the central portico, I found the vestibule thronged with Knights and the usual contingent of fair dames; while at the same time there was a complete absence of custodians, officials and guides. The theory that 183 every public edifice in the States is national property was here effectually applied in practice, and the lieges careered amidst the marble halls of Congress imbued with a lofty and evident sense of their own co-equal partnership in the concern.

American men are as a rule endowed with a good physique, and in this respect I was very favourably impressed by the aspect of the members of the “Conclave,” who, coming from all parts of the Union, might be regarded as fairly representative of the country at large. Contrary to the traditional likeness of “Uncle Sam,” I found the majority of them tall, wellset-up, robust figures, many of which had attained to what might be called corpulency,

while few indeed deserved a place in the opposite category. The expression of their faces was placable, but could hardly be called amiable or good-humoured, so much are the features in Americans overlaid with an air of business-like seriousness which repels rather than invites casual approaches.

“Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,” if such survive anywhere in the world of to-day, is certainly not theirs.

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Outwardly they were resplendent with the multiform insignia of the various grades of the Order to which they belonged, embracing scarfpins, badges, crosses, ribbons, belts, collars, stars, helmets, ostrich plumes, fezzes, and swords; but in their uniforms and demeanours they adhered strictly to a military pattern, the former never degenerating into mere gewgaws, nor the latter descending to buffoonery, as in the case of our Foresters when they take a holiday at the Crystal Palace. However, it must be remembered that the constituent elements in the two cases belong to a different social class, most of the Knights Templar being men of a certain independence and even wealth, while a few millionaires were actually interspersed amongst their ranks.

The stranger who comes in contact with them for the first time will naturally inquire with what object the organization has been formed, and what is the motive which impels so many thousands of persons to travel great distances and incur considerable expense, in order to pass a week in company with other thousands wholly unknown to them in some large town of the Union. The Knights 185 Templar are really a higher Order of Free-masons, and though they affect a quasi-military style of dress and formation, and undergo a certain amount of discipline and drill, they are not in any sense a military force like our volunteers, for they do not carry arms.

In fact they again exemplify, on the new American Continent, that old-world trait of human nature to which the Greeks gave the name of *panêgyris* —an assembling of people

together at a common centre with some common purpose, or pretext. We have examples of it at all times and among all nations. The Temple at Jerusalem, the Kaaba at Mecca, the shrine of Apollo at Delos, the tomb of St. Thomas at Canterbury, served equally well to bring people together from all points of the compass, and ministered each in its turn to the overwhelming need felt by mankind for change and social intercourse. In those cases and many similar Religion has been the all-sufficient motive, and even at Washington one could discern no other than the shadowy claims of the Masonic cult.

Of course I visited the White House, a small 186 portion of which was partitioned off and set apart for the crowd to circulate in, so that they might at least enjoy the privilege of saying they had seen the interior of the Government Mansion. I was amused to watch the eager expression of admiration evinced by the various groups as they came successively within range of the sacred precincts, and were permitted to feast their eyes on one or two sitting-rooms which after all displayed little beyond the ordinary decorations of a private house. What would they have thought of the Rosenborg Slot at Copenhagen, of the Hof Palast at Würzburg, or of the interior of the castle at Heidelberg? Far less, no doubt, because the chief merit of the White House in American eyes is that it is American, that American citizens have built it, furnished it and maintain it for the use of their own Government. Indeed, the Eminent Sir Knights, as they are called, may well have entertained the idea that they, as representing the people at large, were the real “Boss” of the concern.

My next encounter with the Conclave was in a narrower and more restricted area than the Capitol or the White House; and I shall never 187 cease to entertain a grudge against Freemasonry in general for having deprived me of all enjoyment in an excursion which could not otherwise have failed to be delightful. I postponed my visit to Mount Vernon till the end of the week, fully expecting that by that time the crowd would have sensibly abated, and that those who remained would already have glutted their patriotic rage at the Washington Sanctuary. Never was a confident and seemingly reasonable anticipation doomed to such withering disappointment. It was half-past nine o'clock on a lovely October

morning when the Arlington coach started for the pier whence the boats run to Mount Vernon. Only a lady and a gentleman, exceptionally nice people, occupied it with me, and I noted with no small satisfaction that they were rendered even “ *plus distingué* ” by the absence of all emblems and badges of knight-errantry. On reaching the place of embarkation, my *bête noire* the crowd was again full in view, and also in full occupation of a tolerably large steamer moored in the river. The prospect was terribly disheartening, and almost impelled one to beat a retreat, and it was only the *ne cede malis sed contra audentior* 188 *ito* principle which steeled me to venture amidst the surging throng. Worse than all, the boat had not been built for passenger traffic, and consisted only of a vast hulk intended for the stowage of cargo; while a miserable cabin, comparable only to a cabman's shelter, situated near the prow, afforded standing room to about a dozen persons.

The truth is our American cousins are accustomed to rough it to a much greater degree than we suppose, and they are good-humouredly tolerant of treatment at the hands of public officials which no body of Englishmen would brook. In the midst of all the discomfort and overcrowding which they endured for an hour and a half either way, not a word of complaint or remonstrance circulated through the company.

To meet the exigencies of a suddenly increased traffic, boats had been chartered from Baltimore and elsewhere, without the least regard being paid to the quality of the accommodation

they afforded.

If anything classic is to be found on American soil, it is certainly the Potomac, which was already rendered sacred by the memory of

MOUNT VERNON To face page 189.

189 Washington, when it became in a greát measure the theatre of the sanguinary struggle which raged for four years between the Northern and Southern States. It is an extremely picturesque river, crowned near Washington by imposing heights, and

pursuing a winding course between wooded banks, instead of flowing like the Hudson in a monotonous and nearly straight line.

Mount Vernon occupies a charming position on the Virginia shore, at a distance of about sixteen miles from the capital, where the river expands into a broad reach flanked by woods glowing with the rich colours of the Fall. The steamer was brought up close to a primitive jetty, which, notwithstanding its diminutive proportions, served very well as a landing-place, and put us within an easy walking distance of the house and grounds, which were completely concealed by trees. On ascending a well-wooded slope traversed by a gravelled walk, the first object one meets, somewhat unexpectedly, is the tomb in which are laid to rest the remains of Washington and his wife, Martha Washington. Nothing can be plainer, in fact, uglier, than the rough brick and plaster chamber, with an iron *grille* interposed, which 190 has been constructed for the purpose of a vault. Needless to say it exercised an unwonted fascination over the patriotic Americans of our party, who strained their eyes in the vain endeavour to discern something within the dark interior.

I have been brought face to face in the course of my wanderings with the tombs of many famous men and women, from the huge mound of Alyattes on the plain of Sardis to the monument with its pathetic inscription6 which covers the remains of Heloise and her lover on the heights of Père la Chaise. But nowhere have I met a memorial of the illustrious dead which outwardly presents so uninteresting and disappointing an appearance as that of Washington at Mount Vernon. This is in a great measure due to the fact that Washington sought by Will to affix to his last restingplace some impress of the simple and unostentatious character which he had himself affected through life; and his representatives, placing too stringent an interpretation upon his wishes, resisted the repeated overtures of the Government

6 “Les restes d'Abélard et d'Héloïse sont réunis dans le tombeau.”

191 to transfer his remains to the Capitol. It is to be regretted that they do not rest there, like those of Napoleon7 at the Invalides, for hero and valiant soldier as Washington was,

his character seems to lack that touch of sublimity and romance which is required to stir the enthusiasm of the world. The sentiment it awakens is not of the kind which gathers round the names of Napoleon and Garibaldi, and it is hard to believe that Manzoni would ever have devoted to him such a funeral dirge as “Il cinque maggio.”

7 “Und über Dir erbrauset das Gewimmel Der Stadt Paris gleichwie ein Zweites Meer.”

Emmanuel Geibel.

In fact, as one attains to a nearer view of the man, it is difficult to acquit him of a large admixture of those commonplace and prosaic qualities which belonged by a kind of Divine Right to his Puritan ancestors.

In early life he was a churchwarden, and the Secretary of State for War told me that in the archives of his department is preserved an old pocket-book, in which Washington carefully and systematically recorded his petty gains and losses at cards.

Mount Vernon is the scene of an anecdote related to me on good authority, but for the truth of which of course I cannot absolutely vouch. When Lord Coleridge was visiting the place some years since, *ductu et auspiciis* Chief Justice Ewart, he remarked to the latter, “I am told that Washington, in addition to his high moral qualities, possessed also extraordinary physical powers, and that standing where we are now, he was able to throw a dollar across the Potomac. Do you think that possible?” “Well,” Mr. Ewart replied, “there is only one way in which I can account for it—a dollar in Washington's time went much farther than it does at present.”

I had scarcely succeeded in making the circuit of the grounds, when our already swollen ranks received a fresh contingent of visitors from a steamer which must have quickly followed that in which I came. The house was of course the chief centre of attraction, and looked like a beehive about to swarm, every avenue, doorway and staircase being

thronged and packed with sightseers. Within was contained the very honey to whet the average tourist's appetite— *inter alia* , the 193 key of the Bastile, with a model of that much execrated prison which had served chiefly in its time as a refrigerator to the passions of the unruly French nobility. There were also many souvenirs and personal relics of Washington, Lafayette, Martha Washington (whose beauty is fittingly immortalized by canvas and engraving), and others of the group associated with the American Cincinnatus in the days of his triumph and his retirement.

The internal arrangements of the Mansion further illustrate a characteristic of the American public to which I have recently adverted, its partiality for high-sounding and inflated titles. For instance, the home of Washington had fallen into a state of neglect and comparative decay, and was resuscitated only a few years ago by a public subscription in which ladies took a principal share. Each room of the Mansion is now apportioned to the care of some particular State, and the lady to whom its proper maintenance is confided is dubbed a “Vice-Regent;” while the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association itself is presided over by a “Regent,” recalling the style and title of the famous Margaret of Parma. O 194 No sooner had the second boat-load of visitors made its presence felt, than a general *sauve qui peut* ensued among those who had already landed, in order to secure places on the first returning steamer, and with that object they sat contentedly aboard of her for a couple of hours.

The weather happily was very fine, and there was nothing in the state of the river to hinder our maintaining an even keel; but in the enormous crowd accumulated on deck there was the suggestion of such an accident as that which befell the *Princess Alice* on the Thames. We got back safely, however, though not without a hitch or two, to the pier at Washington, where I was glad to get free of a crowd whose presence had been to me as unsympathetic as a nightmare.

Foreseeing a huge muster of the Eminent Sir Knights who were to take their departure next morning for Philadelphia and New York, I endeavoured to procure my tickets at the

Railroad Depôt the previous evening. The clerk was not empowered actually to issue them beforehand, but he obligingly put them aside for me, so that they should be immediately available, and told me the exact sum they were to cost.

195

My negro driver insisted on taking me to the station, and canvassed me not unsuccessfully for a donation to a new Baptist church which he and his co-religionists were engaged in building. I had previously been solicited by a coloured Roman Catholic waiter in the hotel for a similar mark of favour towards his place of worship, so that it seemed as if one had all at once reverted to early Christian times, when Roman slaves were the adherents and propagandists of the new religion.

The train by which I was about to travel was a very fast express, timed to leave Washington at 9.40 a.m., and to reach New York about half-past three in the afternoon of the same day. It was divided, American fashion, into two “sections,” one of which had started at 8 a.m., and the second was to follow, as above, an hour and a half later.

I occupied an arm-chair in the “drawing-room” car, and we sped merrily along—as far as pace was concerned—to Baltimore, the first station at which the express halted. At some distance beyond, the train was again abruptly brought to a standstill, but this time in the open country and just within hail of a small wooden O 2 196 cabin which stood by the side of the railroad. At first the occupants of the “drawing-room” car seemed to regard the circumstance with indifference as something in the ordinary course of things; then inquiry became rife, and some of the male passengers were bold enough to step out on the rails and interrogate the driver of the “locomotive.” But it was impossible to learn anything certain, as it is the cue of all railway officials in America to disguise the facts of an unpalatable situation, and we were left to indulge in the most varied surmises as to the cause of our unhappy detention. The weather was fortunately very fine and the sun warm, so a general adjournment to *terra firma* gradually took place, and the film of ice which had

hitherto checked the mutual confidences of the passengers began to dissolve in the genial glow of a common mishap.

We had remained in this state of enforced *inertia* for nearly an hour when all doubts were set at rest by the approach, from the direction of Baltimore, of a so-called “wreck train”—ominous words which too aptly indicated the character of the hideous construction which soon swept past us on its way to the scene of disaster. 197 It was long subsequently, however, that we obtained an exact idea of what had occurred. A “freight” train coming from Philadelphia to Baltimore let fall upon the rails a huge iron door from one of its vans, and the first “section” of our train above referred to while travelling at enormous speed struck the massive obstacle, with the result that some sixteen persons were severely or fatally injured. So far as I could learn, no official body in America is charged with the duty of investigating such accidents and determining by a judicial inquiry on whose shoulders the responsibility for them rests. They are reported, like other occurrences, in the daily papers, and are quickly erased from public memory by the newer and more startling sensation which seems to be always lurking in the background.

In consequence of the “block” upon the main line, it soon became apparent that our train could not proceed further, and we remained for some time in a state of uncertainty as to whether it would be sent back to Baltimore and thence over the Baltimore and Ohio road to its destination, or otherwise disposed of.

At length we were despatched by a back way 198 —if such a term can with any propriety be applied to a railroad—a sort of understudy to the main line, and but little fitted to play the rôle of conducting a huge express train with its locomotive of fifty tons weight. In consequence of the disproportion between the two, we were forced to proceed in a slow and tentative manner, all the school children along the route and the labourers in the fields flocking to gaze at the unwonted apparition. The former indeed even scoffed at us occasionally by ironical cheers.

Meanwhile desolation reigned in what ought to have been the restaurant of the train, and the wretched stations which flanked the line afforded little prospect of replenishing our fading provisions. A desperate attempt at luncheon served to bring me more closely than previously *en rapport* with two ladies—a mother and daughter—who occupied the arm-chairs adjoining my own. It was amusing to watch the laborious effort by which they sought at first to divest themselves of those forms of a conventional and superficial decorum which serve to render every American woman completely *inabordable* to a stranger of the other sex. 199 Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's “He comes too near who comes to be denied” would have no application as an article of her catechism.

Indeed, if my two neighbours had been native-born Americans I doubt whether any consideration would have induced them to step down from their pedestal of exalted propriety; but the elder lady was happily German, and the younger, by descent at least, Magyar, her father, who belonged to the latter nationality, being established in a large business in Boston. Both had visited England as well as travelled on the continent of Europe; and as soon as they admitted me to the rights of conversation, I found them nice, cultivated and agreeable. They served materially to diminish the tedium of the journey, which lasted till seven o'clock in the evening, and even at that late hour we had with difficulty reached Philadelphia. It is true we had already neared that place when it was found that our engine could not possibly pass beneath a certain bridge, and again we were doomed to a prolonged detention while another locomotive was being procured.

I had already made up my mind not to proceed further the same evening, as under the 200 most propitious circumstances I could not hope to reach New York till past midnight, and then it would be very doubtful whether I should find a vehicle to convey me to my hotel. Of course I communicated my intention to my *two compagnons de voyage* , with whom I had by this time grown tolerably confidential; and thereupon was brought to light another curious phase of American travel. They also were *en route* to New York, but had despatched their effects direct to their destination by one of the numerous Express

Companies, and were now absolutely without luggage except two small hand-bags. With such a meagre equipment they naturally shrank from presenting themselves at a Philadelphia hotel, and they somewhat timorously accepted my offer to introduce them to the managers of the Continental. There they found rooms to their satisfaction; we dined together; and arranged overnight to leave by the 9.40 express train the next morning for New York—an ominous hour, as we thought, for it was the same at which had begun our ill-fated journey from Washington.

Again we occupied seats in the “drawing-room” car. The large apartment was somewhat 201 sparsely tenanted by Americans, each of whom was encompassed by a cloud of newspapers in their enlarged Sunday editions. In a recess at one end of the car which served as a smoking-room sat two gentlemen up to the knees in newspapers, thus recalling the card-room of a London club in Mr. Fox's days. They received me with more than the wonted lack of courtesy, and hardly noticed my request for permission to look at one of their discarded journals, as I had not come provided with one of my own, and was curious to see some report of the previous day's railway accident. Having speedily glanced at a notice of it, I retreated to the main body of the car and took possession of an empty sofa which stood near the smoking-room at some distance from my own chair. Reclining on it, I proceeded to read some letters, when I became suddenly aware of a peculiar movement of the train. In an instant followed the awful presentiment that we were off the rails, and a sense of being whirled in the grasp of an *uncontrollable* power. I made a faint and ineffectual attempt, twice repeated, to clutch the cover of the sofa; then there came a crash, a stop still more ominous, which threw me to the 202 floor, and the door which separated the smoking-room from the rest of the car was violently thrust open. “All right; no danger!” shouted out one of the two whom only a few minutes before I had set down to be a graceless curmudgeon. Now his voice sounded like that of a herald angel.

We all rushed immediately to the assistance of the prostrate and fainting ladies, and helped to conduct them from the car; and that done, my friend of the smoking-room

grasped me effusively and cordially by the hand, without giving utterance to a word. The expression of his deathly-pale face, however, showed that his emotion was deep and real.

The splendid train which had just been carrying us at the rate of sixty miles an hour presented a painful spectacle—the fallen Icarus could hardly have looked more helpless and pitiable. All the carriages of which it consisted had left the metals, and forcibly reminded one of the contorted skeleton of some primeval Mammoth which a subterraneous upheaval had twisted out of shape. The immense locomotive alone had, happily for us, held fast to the rails, though the tender had parted company with 203 both, and stood toppling over at an acute angle. It was curious to see how the Westinghouse apparatus, the moment connection was broken, had automatically seized the wheels of the carriages, and still grasped them as in a vice.

Rahway Junction, the scene of the catastrophe, about nineteen miles distant from New York, has a terrible notoriety for the frequency and destructiveness of the accidents it has witnessed, but they had hitherto mostly occurred to freight trains. So dreadful was the apprehension excited by seeing the express at full speed staggering and reeling among the metals, that some women who were watching its approach from the station windows screamed and fainted; and an Irish watchman stationed at a level crossing fled into his hut to escape from the hurricane of dust and stones, mingled with broken iron bolts and nuts and pieces of rail, which must have vividly recalled to his mind certain familiar scenes in the “ould counthry.”

I shall only further add, as an illustration of the vernacular of the American Press, the very exact account of the occurrence which appeared 204 next morning in the *New York Tribune* —one of the most influential of the journals of that city.

A TRAIN RUNS ON THE TIES. NARROW ESCAPE OF PEOPLE ON A PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS.

Library of Congress

While going at the rate of sixty miles an hour it jumps the track—no one seriously injured.

Two hundred passengers had a marvellous escape from a fearful calamity at Rahway, N. J., yesterday, when the fast express of the Pennsylvania Railroad, known as No. 52, while running at the rate of sixty miles an hour leaped from the track. The train, which leaves Philadelphia at 9.40 a.m. daily, was made up of engine, tender, a drawing-room combination baggage and smoker, a drawing-room car and three passenger coaches. When the train reached Rahway it was a few minutes late, and not stopping there, was running at a tremendous rate to make up time. At the switch between the Main and Grand street crossings a gang of men, under the section boss, Toomey, were putting in a new rail, and had just spiked it into place when the express came in sight. The workmen stepped aside to the fourth track waiting for the train to rush past them. When the tender struck the rail, it shot from the track, followed by the five cars. The engineer instantly applied the steam-brakes, but the momentum of the flying train was so great that for nearly 500 feet it tore along over the ties and road-bed, tearing rails from their places and grinding up the heavy sleepers as if they were pine boards. The rock ballast was thrown up in showers, being ploughed up by the wheels and trucks and heaped in big piles. There were many women and children on the cars, but not a single person was seriously hurt.

The fortunate escape was no doubt due to the fact that the wheels of the foremost truck of the locomotive did not leave the track, although the big driving-wheels ran off when the cars behind left the rails. The first two cars remained fast to the engine, but the third was wrenched loose at both 205 ends, and it, together with the last two coaches, was finally stopped by the wreckage which was heaped up before the wheels. The engine and other cars ran about a hundred feet further before they came to a standstill. Had the forward wheels of the locomotive been thrown from the rails, it is likely that the train would have gone down the embankment, or that it would have come in collision with the big freight-house which stands close to the east of the track. Had this happened, many people must have been seriously injured, and perhaps killed.

The accident occurred at 11.15 a.m., and the crashing timbers and ominous rattle of the wheels and trucks over the switches and rails terrified the occupants of the many houses near by and the many people awaiting at the station the arrival of a local train. Crowds hurried to the scene, expecting to witness the usual terrible sights of a railroad wreck. As the first-comers reached the spot, they met the passengers hurriedly escaping from the wrecked cars. Many women were in a hysterical and fainting condition. It was finally discovered, however, that only one woman had been slightly cut by broken glass. It was difficult to realize at first that such an accident could have happened without fatal results. For over 400 feet the rails on one side were gone, and for 200 feet the track was entirely torn up and scattered. It is said that the new rail was about an inch higher than the old one. The engine, being so heavy, pressed it down sufficiently to allow the wheels to run on all right, but as the tender, which is lighter, ran off the switch or frog, the flange of the wheels mounted the rail, causing the rails to spread.

Wrecking trains were at once sent for, and within an hour gangs of men were busy pulling away the wrecked cars, whose only damage was to the trucks and to the platforms. A new switch was at once laid, and the work of laying new tracks began. The passengers of the train were taken to the Scott Avenue station and cared for until a train was made up, when they were brought to this city. Among the passengers was the well-known comedian De Wolf Hopper, of the McCaull Opera Company. “I had decided to run over to New York from Philadelphia, where 206 our company is, so as to spend Sunday with my wife,” said Mr. Hopper. “The train had been running along very smoothly, and as we ran through Rahway I thought how fast we were travelling. Just after we crossed the bridge over the Rahway river I felt the jar of the wheel as it struck the ties, and knowing what it meant and realizing the great danger, I dropped to the floor of the car and with each hand grasped a seat, all the while expecting to be crushed amidst the wreckage of the train. It was all over in a few minutes. Several times I tried to get on my feet, but either from fright or something else I was unable to do so: When the train stopped I looked around me, and seeing that my companions were all safe, I lost no time in getting out.”

It will be noticed that the so-called “switch,” referred to at page 153 was the cause of the *déraillement* , aided, of course, by the Irish recklessness of “section boss Toomey,” whose gang was in the act of repairing the rail at the moment the express came in sight. In any other civilized country, it may be presumed, such a train would have received a signal to slacken speed over the treacherous spot; but here that proceeding would not have been at all in accordance with the traditions of the “go-ahead” Yankee, bossed by the devil-may-care Irishman; and as a consequence the unfortunate passengers were all but hurled to destruction.

After two hours spent in tediously loitering on the battle-field, for the small station could give shelter to only a few shaken and panic-stricken 207 ladies, a train was at length procured which carried us to Jersey City. Thence we had only to cross the Hudson by ferry in order to reach Desbrosses Street, New York. In our calamity nature had been kinder to us than man, for the sun had shone at Rahway, and thus materially lessened the discomforts we should have endured under a cold drifting rain such as prevailed during the whole of the succeeding day. In the hurry of departure from New Jersey, I had only time to seek out my two friends in the crowd and wish them good-bye and a more prosperous voyage to Boston. As they both took a cordial and kindly leave of me, and uttered many pretty acknowledgments, I could not help reflecting that, after all, it only requires a railway accident, a fire, a flood, or some great natural convulsion, to bring into relief the many amiable qualities which lie at the foundation of American character.

After a day spent in visiting Tiffany's and other leading “stores” in New York, which seemed to me fully to deserve their national reputation, I was glad to find myself once again on the familiar deck of the *Teutonic* . Though the 208 number of passengers embarking for Europe was far above the average at this season, the officials had treated me very handsomely in reserving an excellent “outside” cabin for my use. In contrast to the melancholy weather which prevailed when I had first entered the bay, the sun's rays illumined, if they did not warm, the crisp October air, and caused every landmark to

stand out with preternatural distinctness. Not only was the new-born goddess of liberty conspicuous above all other objects, but one could see the tiny islet—a mere *pied à terre*—just showing among the waves, which has been assigned to her as a domicile, and makes one think that the Americans before admitting her to the continent, had placed her for a time in quarantine. We enjoyed a delightful sail, quite a pleasure excursion to Sandyhook, the portal of the vast Atlantic, which, as far as we could scan its surface, seemed to receive us with a winsome and inviting air.

"The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind," may be true, as Coleridge tells us it is, on land; but at sea their respective positions are reversed, and the latter always precedes us at a convenient distance. Indeed,

STATUE OF LIBERTY. To face page 208.

209 the danger of overtaking him is the only unpleasant anticipation of the voyage, which in our case, I am pleased to say, was very far from being fulfilled. Except a little bad weather, which involved some rolling motion, on the third and fourth days, everything proceeded most satisfactorily, and though our speed had been sensibly retarded by constant head winds, we reached Queenstown early on the morning of the Wednesday succeeding that on which we left New York. The weather was bright, but the wind piercingly cold as we stood well outside the harbour to avoid delay; and it was pitiable to see a typical exile of Erin—a poor woman covered with a threadbare woollen shawl and carrying a baby in her arms—step on board the tender to seek again the questionable hospitality of her native land.

At Liverpool a very disagreeable and, it is to be hoped, exceptional experience was in store for us. It was between ten and eleven o'clock at night when the *Teutonic* reached the Mersey, and, preparatory to our disembarkation, all the luggage had been brought up and piled on deck, and the passengers stood in a dense crowd with their hand baggage, impatiently awaiting the P 210 approach of the tender which should take them on shore. Even the young children and infants had been got under way at that late hour; and to raise

our disappointment to Tantalus pitch, the tender itself, with all lights beaming, actually drew alongside. Then only was it discovered by the captain and officers of the *Teutonic* that the Custom House authorities refused to examine our effects; and nothing was left for us but an ignominious retreat to our dismantled cabins and such broken sleep as might be obtained before a six o'clock breakfast next morning.

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